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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

A FREE NEGRO COMMUNITY.

RICHARD RANDOLPH, eldest brother of John Randolph, of Roanoke, died in the year 1796, at "Bizarre," the name of the large estate bequeathed him by his father, John Randolph, Sr., and lying on the head waters of the Appomattox river, near the town of Farmville, Va. He is represented to have been a man of talents scarcely inferior to those of his celebrated brother, and of extraordinary goodness of character. Entertaining the opinion, then general in the South, and especially in Virginia, that slavery was a curse alike to master and to servant, Mr. R. liberated his slaves by will, and made ample provision for their maintenance. Owing to pecuniary embarrassments, the provisions of the will were not carried into execution until fifteen years afterwards, and not until many of the slaves had been sold to liquidate the heavy mortgages which rested upon the estate. About 1811, John Randolph, who had assumed the management of his brother's affairs, removed to the county of Charlotte, and the negroes, variously estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and thirty in number, entered upon the enjoyment of their freedom.

A portion of the Bizarre estate, consisting of three hundred and fifty (some say five hundred) acres, partially cleared, well timbered, and well watered, was divided into sections of fifty and twenty-five acres, each, and upon these sections the various families, according to the number and age of the individuals composing them, were settled—those having aged and infirm parents to support received more, and those not having these incumbrances less land. All were provided with means to build themselves houses, and with agricultural implements to till the soil. Fairly settled in the land of promise—the Canaan to which they had looked so longingly for fifteen years—they gave it the name of "Israel Hill"—an appellation which explains the sanguine anticipations and religious tone which guided them to its choice. No doubt they looked forward to the time when Israel Hill should be a thriving and populous village—"a city set upon an hill"—shining gloriously to the eyes of their brethren in bondage, as did the Delectable Mountains to Bunyan's Pilgrim.

Here, then, they were left to work out their destiny, and here, indeed, if ever, it was to have been expected that the African would thrive and prosper, and fulfil the expectations which prompted his noble master to set them free. The conditions of the experiment were preëminently favourable for the manumitted—and the elements of success surrounding them, numerous—and such as can never again be brought to bear upon them in any future experiment. They were the choice servants of one of the most aristocratic, humane and cultivated families in the State—reserved from sale because of the excellence of their dispositions, their fidelity and their industry. They had enjoyed the advantage of association with intelligent whites; they were taught the principles of the Christian religion. They were trained to habits of labour, and were settled upon fertile land in a temperate climate. Fuel and water were abundant. They were surrounded by kindly-disposed neighbours, who gave them employment at harvest and at many other times during the year, who ministered to their wants in sickness, and who gave them advice in matters of business. And, more than all, they were not brought into competition with white labour—the bane of the African who settles in the free States. Under these propitious circumstances, it was reasonable to expect that the little colony would have gone on to prosper—that this miniature Liberia would have become rich, populous, fertile—the parent of other colonies to the free States—that the system of parcel culture would have made every inch of the soil productive—that Israel Hill would have become a handsome village, surrounded with orchards and gardens and sheltered by luxuriant shade trees. The philanthropist who shared the opinions and the hopes of Richard Randolph would have expected to have heard in this village, the sound of the hammer, the saw, the plane, the church-going bell—the evidences of thrift, of industry and of good morals. But now, that forty years have passed away—What are the facts of the case? How has the experiment succeeded?

The traveller on the Southside Railroad passes through the centre of Israel Hill, without being aware of its presence. The few miserable huts which constitute the village are not attractive enough to retain his attention for more than a moment, and he passes on ignorant of the lesson which a mistaken philanthrophy might have taught him. The visitor to the neighbourhood, who has the curiosity or interest to inquire into the results of this unhappy experiment, will be saddened by its details. He will find that a healthy, happy, moral community of slaves have from the day of their liberation degenerated until they have become a diseased, depraved, miserable people—a curse to themselves, and a pest to their neighbours. The men are drunkards, the women prostitutes, the children scrofulous and syphilitic. Almost all steal. There are honourable exceptions to this rule, but they consist mainly of the original settlers—men and women who had reached years of discretion before they were liberated, and whose habits were formed while they were slaves. The men are utterly corrupt. So far from increasing in point of number, they have decreased; and it is the opinion of all who have looked into the matter that disease will eventually exterminate them.

In 1850, it is said they numbered about as many as were originally liberated—say 130; and now, in 1854, they are generally supposed to number 100, or less; some have placed them as low as 85. In consequence of their vicious habits, many of the women are barren; the children, as before stated, poisoned from their birth. Hence, it may be readily believed that the average yearly mortality among them is equal to that of Farmville—a place more than ten times as populous—and some years it is much greater. With the indolence and improvidence characteristic of their race, they have wantonly destroyed their woodlands; have exhausted their soil by unsystematic and improper culture; have suffered their houses and enclosures to decay; have contented themselves with the production of the bare necessaries of existence; and have as yet given no evidence that the germs of progress or improvement ever existed in their unhappy natures. The money derived from the sale of their crops is invested in whiskey; and the ill-gotten gains of booty purloined from the neighbouring gentry is expended in the same way. They grow nothing except Indian corn and tobacco, with a few potatoes and peas; these scanty crops maintain a doubtful contest with the crab grass, carrot weed, briers, and other ill-favoured products of an impoverished soil. These spring luxuriantly around their cabin doors. Wheat they never grow. The idea of planting an orchard, a vegetable or flower garden, seems never to have entered their heads. Nothing like a system, order, prudence, economy or forecast is perceptible among them. It would be silly to talk of refinement in connection with such a people. Idle, dishonest, drunken, profligate, it is not to be wondered that this community should be the theatre of scenes of destitution, disorder, immorality, and crime, sufficient to cause the bones of the good Randolph to turn in his grave, and such as to call for the frequent interposition of the neighbouring planters, and not unfrequently that of the county authorities. Thus we hear, in one case, of two sisters, one of whom makes a midnight foray into the corn patch of the other, and pulls the entire crop up by the roots. In another, we are told of an old woman starving to death; and in another, of a sickly poor creature placed under the charge of a drunken woman who goes to town to buy whiskey, leaving her charge to die of sheer neglect. Reports of broils and battles are common; scarcely a day passes without some of the adjacent farmers being called in to interfere in behalf of some of the oppressed inhabitants of this wretched community. But yesterday, two of the Israelitish women came to the house where the writer of this article is sojourning, to lodge a complaint against a fugitive slave who was harboured in the Hill, and who had suddenly rushed upon them, threatening to cut off their heads with a scythe-blade which he held in his uplifted hand.

Such is a family drawn picture of Israel Hill in 1854, after more than forty years of freedom, and such are some of the disastrous consequences of an impolitic and unwise philanthropy. Had these people remained slaves, who can doubt but that their destiny in this life, and perhaps in the life to come, would have been far different, far happier? The humiliating results of the well-intended benevolence of Richard Randolph are fraught with no salutary lesson for the negrophilist; but they may serve to confirm the intelligent slaveholder; to warn the inexperienced advocates of emancipation; and to rebuke the many who shake with laughter at the idea of a Republic in France, yet believe in the capacity of the negro for the enjoyment of Republican freedom.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD VS. GENERAL CASS.

THIS sable organ of lamp-black benevolence and sham philanthropy has been very much exercised because Gen. Cass, in pleading for a distressed female, whose husband had been killed—murdered outright—while aiding in the enforcement of a constitutional law of the land, was so boldly patriotic as to say that Batchelder "fell in the holiest of causes." The *Standard* is terribly shocked at this—intensely mortified to learn that the observers and executors of the law are respectable people, and that our venerable Senator considers it honourable to perish in the service of one's country; while it undoubtedly looks upon that old barbarian, Horace, who fanatically remarked, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," as an out-and-out pro-slavery savage. Truly, that is a strange charity which the *Standard* cherishes—a charity that would sneak bare-footed through the lowest pestilential swamps of Georgia to steal a negro, but would not give one cent, nor even willingly let others, to relieve a white woman, whose husband had been a sacrifice to a few Abolition rebels—whose fire-side had been darkened, whose help and support had been taken from her, by the mad-men of Boston. Ah, ha! pious friend! your charity is too discriminative for use; your benevolence too fastidious in regard to colour, and better calculated for stealing blacks than aiding suffering whites, no matter how worthy they are. But we opine that no remarks from Abolition sources, nor any other, in fact, will deter our veteran Senator from advocating the supremacy of constitutional law, and the cause of those who have righteously suffered from its being maintained.

At all hazards, it is not in good taste for Young Africa to lecture its superiors and seniors upon the affairs of state, and much less is it in good taste for the *Standard* to be-labour Gen Cass on the subject of patriotism and philanthropy. And let those bigoted calumniators remember that their hypocrrtical charity will meet its reward, for it hath been said, "Wo unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness." And if Abolitionists do not come under the head of "them that call evil good, and good evil," then there is no class or faction that will, and no other sinners that can.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Selections.

DR. COTTMAN AND THE CZAR.

From The London Times.

SAY not this is not the age of poetry, and that the material for the drama is extinct. The American papers bring us a sweet little eclogue that for *naiveté* and simplicity will match anything in *Uncle Tom*. The personages, indeed, are not pastoral, nor are they Tityrus and Melibœus, the recent requirer of his freedom, and the expatriated husbandman; on the contrary—stare not, gentle reader—they are the Czar Nicholas and a Yankee slave-owner—no imaginary characters, no men in buckram got up by Charles Mathews with the assistance of Mr. Nathan, but the very men; and true men they are, real, hearty fellows, earnest in their vocation and cordial in their sympathy. It's the realest thing seen a long while. The two have been at a dinner-table, not once, but a dozen times, exchanging remarks, advice, and gossip, with a confidence worthy of Haley and Legree, Peachum and Lockitt, and other celebrated associates. Dr. Thomas Cottman, who was raised in Maryland, but who has occasionally practiced medicine in Louisiana, where he still owns a plantation and a large number of slaves, tells his own story to the New York *Herald*. In his rambles through Europe, he found himself quite at home—as, indeed, he informs us all Americans are—with the Czar. As there is something in the English which has always prevented them from getting on well with this gentleman, it is quite delightful to be admitted behind the scenes by one who felt no such difficulty, and appears to have met with none. The Czar, then, or Citizen Romanoff, as perhaps we should call him, is a capital fellow, quite ready to put off state with anybody who can do a transaction for mutual advantage. So are all the Romanoffs. Constantine, in particular, though not so tall as the others, is quite go-ahead. He looks quite like a Yankee, and in many points of his character there is a great similarity. Indeed, though Dr. Cottman maintains a little prudent reserve as to these points of similarity, and the many entertaining social meetings he has had with the family, one can easily perceive that the Doctor and Constantine have been a good deal together, going the rounds of the bars at St. Petersburg and Cronstadt, drinking sherry-cobbler and gin-sling, spitting like gentlemen, and letting out freely about those tarnation cowardly Britishers. In the family group we must not omit the Grand Duchess Marie, who is a monstrous fine woman, and made herself very agreeable to the Doctor.

Arcades ambo, equally ready to administer "soft sawder" and to take it—which of them shall we begin with? Perhaps we should pronounce Nicholas Romanoff most in love with the country, the institutions, and the politics of his new friend. At all events, he comes out the loudest. "He is exceedingly desirous," says the Doctor, "to cultivate the friendship of our country, of which he always speaks in the highest terms of praise." Then comes something which we think we have heard before. "There are," says Nicholas, "but two Governments in the world—those of Russia and America; and, although I have the greatest regard for the latter, yet I know it would be impracticable in my country." Now, that's rather too bad. It's a saying of Napoleon's, which the Czar has filched, with his usual indifference to the rights of property. "In half a century," said Napoleon, "there will be only two governments in Europe—Republican and Cossack"; and, could he have read the article before us, he would have thought his prediction very nigh at hand. But we will proceed with the Cossack as reported by the Republican. "The republican form of government is best suited," he added, "for the people of the United States, because they are enlightened and intelligent; but with Russia it is entirely different, and the government she has is the only one entirely suited to her condition." They say, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest"; but, as the Czar must know a good deal more of his own subjects than we do, we must permit him to inform the world that they are good for nothing but to be slaves. It is rather hard, however, that the Czar should claim to be equal authority as to the rest of the world. For example, whatever he and his friend Cottman may think of us, we beg to prefer our own government to despotism, and to believe ourselves in no case for the latter. We think the same of the Turks, and, indeed, of all the other nations of Europe, excepting only the Russians, who may be what their master describes them for aught we know to the contrary. The Americans, of course, he entirely understands. He more than understands them, says the enraptured doctor. He dotes on them. He knows everything about them. He knows the names of the leading men in every State by name. He is also thoroughly "posted up" in the history of the different parties. He treats every American who enters Russia with the greatest hospitality; he gives them letters of introduction, and employs them in all sorts of ways, and offers no end of inducements. Indeed, by way of proving his entire confidence in the whole nation, he actually intrusts a Louisiana doctor with an important mission to Washington, of which more anon.

It is not upon Russian institutions that Dr. Cottman returns all these compliments. These institutions may be well enough for Russians, Turks, Britishers and niggers, but the doctor evidently prefers for himself the whip end of the social system, and would not like to be knouted or sent to Siberia without knowing the reason why. So he pays for Imperial condescensions, for the familiarity of the Archduke and the affability of the Archduchess, with sympathy in everything that relates to the present war. He undertakes to be the Imperial champion against all aspersions as to his conduct and motives, and by the same rule, he repeats with affectionate fidelity all the statements of the Russian journals, the most impudent forgeries of the Russian press, and whatever has dropped from the lips of his Imperial friend. The Czar, so far from throwing any impediment in the way of Sir Hamilton Seymour's goods, actually paid their carriage home, which, of course, will be gratifying news to Sir Hamilton. "The Czar says he will withdraw his troops only when the Sultan agrees to guarantee the rights of all Christians in his dominions"; and the Doctor adds with delight that the Czar is confident of ultimate success, though what that success is to be—whether the rights of all Christians, or the expulsion of all Turks—the Doctor has forgotten to ascertain. But what the Doctor takes most pains to promulgate and show in the most lively colours are our shortcomings and mishaps in the war. Standing at the Imperial elbow, catching the very curl of the Imperial lips, and jotting in his notebook the sweet accents of Imperial scorn, he enumerates the nameless places in the Gulf of Finland we have attacked, instead of the granite batteries of Cronstadt, which, he says, on what authority is best known to him, our navy had proclaimed its intention to destroy; and then, on the authority of a letter by a supposed officer in the Leopard, published in the Dublin *Post*, he tells of the crews of twenty British ships having landed in some quiet part of Finland, destroyed all the houses and property, and finished by violating all the women and girls in the district—a feat, we can only say, most discreditable to the Russian commandants and the Finnish peasantry, who, we are assured by the Czar and his journals, are able to beat any number of British and French, in the proportion of one Fin to twenty of the invaders. The English public, the Doctor informs his American readers, are all this time under the most egregious mistake as to the progress of the war. They think they are demolishing fortresses, capturing men-of-war, and taking fleets of valuable prizes, and the press, of course, fosters the delusion. This is rather hard on the English public. They are scolded on one side for grumbling at the small results and tardy operations of the war, and then are described to the Yankees as under the most ridiculous delusion as to its progress.

But now for the business part of the affair. Two such good fellows as the Czar and the Doctor could no more part without a transaction than Haley and Legree. The Doctor made over to the Czar Turkey and whatever else he could lay his hands on in the Old World. In return for this the Czar gave the Yankee Cuba, which he considers to be theirs by right of her geographical position, and which accordingly he advises Dr. Cottman and his fellow-citizens to take, whether the Spanish Government is willing or not. The two potentates, having thus accommodated one another with two objects rather near to their hearts, came to a money transaction. The Czar commissions the Doctor to offer Sitka, and we suppose all the Russian possessions in North America, for sale to the United States, and it appears the bargain is likely to be made. These possessions have only one possible value, and that can only be realized in American hands. They may be made the ground of some imaginary claim, some hunting or fishery right, or some boundary question with the British Government, and we have no doubt that Dr. Cottman would be only too happy to assist the Czar's views upon Europe by getting up a little difficulty between the British and American Governments in the new world. That the American Government would think it part of their natural and traditional policy to buy any part of their continent offered to them on reasonable terms we can easily understand; but we do hope and trust that Dr. Cottman is not the fairest possible representative of his country on the question of Cossack and Republican Governments, of appropriation, of "the right of geographical position," and the other points discussed with the Czar. We will not believe that extremes so nearly meet, and that a Czar and a Yankee are only the same thing under somewhat different circumstances.

From The Daily News.

No longer ago than the 1st of the present month, we had occasion to exhibit some of the evidence (which has hitherto attracted too little attention) that the Czar is at work in the United States, no less busily than elsewhere, in making mischief for his own purposes. We showed how the outbreaks of pro-slavery agitation in America have always, from the peace till this day, corresponded with the revolutionary periods in Europe; and we offered the evidence which directs attention to the Czar as the intriguer who has always found work for the Americans at home when their republican sympathies might be inconvenient to his objects in Europe. Perhaps our readers may remember the adventures of Senator Douglas, and the services which he has rendered the Czar, after being won by the imperial flatteries which await Republicans at St. Petersburg. The New York papers now report a case—if possible more flagrant—of the bribery on the one side and the puerile gullibility on the other. We are deeply indebted to Dr. Cottman—the republican who licks the dust off imperial shoes—for affording so rich and so speedy a corroborative illustration of our recent remarks. We are thankful that he is so thorough-going a personage—enabling us to judge of him, not only by his praises of all the Romanoffs, but by his account of our doings since the war began. If he had merely lauded the noble stature, fine face, winning manners, and imposing confidences of the Czar, and the accomplishments of the royal family of Russia, people on both sides of the Atlantic would have smiled at the new instance of the ancient vulgarity of toadyism—so very common among fierce Republicans and peaceful Quakers—and no inferences might have been drawn but of the quality of that Democratic principle which cannot stand an interview with royalty. But as Dr. Cottman presents the world with his version of the events of the war, Englishmen are able to show him up as a tool of the Czar, and Americans may haply be induced to inquire in time how it is that the Czar thus attempts to palm upon them news that is not true.

The despotic element of the American Constitution—the institution of slavery—gives the Czar not only an interest in the Constitution, but a power of intervention in American politics which the true Republicans in the States must be beginning to recognise with considerable dismay. It is the anomaly of slavery in a Democratic Republic which is a capital implement, ready to the hand of the Czar, for breaking up the most successful republican experiment that the world has ever seen. It was a slaveholder that he got hold of before in Senator Douglas, who has convulsed his country by driving the Nebraska bill through Congress before the nation could rise up to forbid its passage; and the service thus rendered to the Czar is very great, for the Nebraska bill and fugitive slave law together have provided such work for the Americans at home that there is no fear of their having any attention or sympathy to spare for the Turks, Poles or Hungarians for a long time to come. The slaveholders and Abolitionists are running a race for the peopling of the Nebraska territory—trying which can first fill it with a population that shall claim or repudiate slave institutions. The better side will win in the end; but the contest will be long; and meantime the Czar will have no trouble with the transatlantic republicans. Such are the consequences of the imperial affability of Senator Douglas. More will ensue from the same experiment tried on Dr. Cottman.

Dr. Cottman, an American surgeon, has been residing for some months at St. Petersburg, where he has been fooled to the top of his bent by all the Romanoffs, the Majestic sire, the gracious mother, the accomplished sons, and the beautiful daughters. Among them, they have actually made him believe that they are not only as republican as himself (which may easily be), but as republican as the earlier Presidents, whose portraits, of course, grace the Doctor's walls at home. They lay the blame of their own despotism on the slavish nature of the nation they govern, and thus gratify his national vanity at the expense of their own people. All this goes down with the Doctor. They have made him believe, somehow or other, that Autocracy is better than free government in Europe; and that it is more successful as to virtue and peace at home, and victory abroad. They have made him believe that Englishmen are brutal and barbarous in comparison with the slaves of despotic rule, and moreover that the slaves make the better soldiers and sailors. They have made him believe that the Allies have lost all manner of battles, and gained none; and that at Bomarsund especially, where (he says) there are only a dozen cannon, the English and French have done nothing more than shoot down the apples in the Commandant's orchard. When he hears of the surrender of 2,000 Russians, and the real number of their cannon, he will of course cry "Fie!" at the mendacity of free nations. He believes also that scarcely anybody in the capital cities of Russia ever heard of Ulleaborg and other places in the Baltic Gulfs; and this, which should show him on which side the enlightenment lies, persuades him that these places are (like Bomarsund, we suppose) too small for observation. He was made to believe that the flags which he saw displayed in Russia were those of conquered English ships; whereas, the flag of the stranded Tiger (which the Russians fired on only when she was defenceless, and which was the only lost ship) was burnt, and the Russians exhibited a forgery instead of it. He was made to believe that the only things we destroyed at Odessa were a few hovels and planks. But this is enough. Dr. Cottman was made to believe just what the Czar makes his own subjects believe—those subjects whom he pronounces unfit for free Government.

How ridiculous must this silly republican have appeared, all the while, in the eyes of the Imperial family, who were lavishing their graces upon him? The Czar's opinion of mankind is well known. He thinks they are all made for his use; and truly it is no fault of these vulgar pseudo-republicans if he ever grows wiser. He can buy up every one of the Douglases and Cottmans as quickly as they can swap niggers. The reason is that they are slave-owners. Dr. Cottman was born in Maryland, and has since been a citizen of Louisiana, and is a planter and slave-owner. Hence his insolence toward a nation wholly free like our own. Hence his subservience to the most insufferable tyrant of the age. Hence his poltroonery in being made the medium of proposals to steal Cuba in the hour of the distractions of Spain. Hence his bullying and his cowardice—his bragging and his adulation. Hence the smile with which the Imperial swindler is regarding him, and the blush with which every worthy American admits him to be a citizen of that republic.

The world will be curious to see how the authorities at Washington receive the Czar's hints about Cuba and overtures about Sitka. The world will be curious to see how often the Americans will submit to have the tub thrown out to them, and turn with docility to spend their energies upon it. The world will be curious to see whether the Czar will try his arts upon any but slaveholding Americans; and, if not, how long the 14,000,000 of citizens in the free States will allow the 5,000,000 of the slave States to overrule their affairs, and make shipwreck of their national character, and admit the Czar into their government, and expose their once-honoured republic to be the comic toy of despots and the ridicule of the world. The Americans have had warning now. They see how the Douglases and Cottmans play treason with their national name and fame. A cynic, like Nicholas, may find amusement in the vulgarity of democratic tuft-hunters and Czar-worshippers; but all better men will desire that our republican cousins may become so conscious of their liability to such ridicule and disgrace as their Cottmans can subject them to, as to devote their best energies to uproot the mischief. When they have no despotic element involved in their democratic constitution, it will be in no man's power to pawn their interests to despots, or submit their national honour to the ridicule, the compassion, or the bitter regrets of all Europe.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY AT CHICAGO.

THE TRUTH OF THE DOUGLAS MEETING.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHICAGO, Saturday, Sept. 2, 1854.

THIS event, which came off last night, is of sufficient national importance to deserve an impartial notice. Feeling has run so high that it is more than can be expected from human nature to look for a calm statement from any of the party organs in the City. Your Chicago exchanges will have informed you of the great excitement which the expectation of this meeting had produced. That feeling was intense and universal. As the time approached, excitement became so intensified that it would be difficult to find a term strong enough to describe it justly. Beside the event itself, several circumstances tended to produce this. Two months ago it was difficult to find any prominent citizen who would publicly defend the honourable Senator's political acts; but as the time drew near for that gentleman's visit to the city, his supporters became more bold; the people, and especially such of his former adherents as have recently denounced his proceedings, were reminded of the manner in which Mr. Douglas had formerly chastised them, how severely they had been whipped back to their party, how the whole city had cowed before him, and it was boldly asserted that he would now not only triumphantly vindicate himself, but that, on the morning after the meeting, his former friends would cringingly beg reädmission to the party, and that he would be a stronger man than ever. This, of course, was unwise, and the taunt rankled and steeled the feelings against him.

Another cause of excitement was the place selected for the meeting. We have in the city a public Park, central, fitted up for public meetings, and where all mass meetings are held. When, however, the meeting is not expected to be large, we have a central hall—the South Market Hall—where such meetings are always held. Neither place, however, was selected, and great indeed was public astonishment when it was announced that the demonstration would take place in a hall across the river, in the very centre of all Irish influence. Now, for some time past, the Senator's political opponents had boldly asserted that every effort would be used to *coerce* a Chicago ratification of the Nebraska bill. This conviction, resulting either from justifiable reasons or from the repeated assertions of the *Chicago Tribune*, the especial organ of the Anti-Nebraska feeling here, has been almost universally expressed for a month past. The moment the place of meeting was announced, rumours ran through the streets, like a prairie fire, that free public expression of opinion was to be suppressed; that the meeting would be packed; that a body-guard of Irishmen, twelve from each Ward, was appointed; that a large body had been organized to quell all opposition; that the voice of Chicago was to be sold; and, in short, every kind of rumour likely to excite public indignation. Such was the excitement yesterday that business was almost totally neglected; and, under a general impression that disturbance would result, the meeting was nervously looked forward to, and numbers expressed their fears at being present on the occasion. During the day, a burlesque programme was published, and excitement was increased by a handbill, asserting that a meeting had been held, at which the Irish had been organized to guard the doors and quell all opposition.

Now, all this may have had no foundation in fact, but it cannot be denied that persisting to hold such a meeting in a room that could not possibly contain more than ten or twelve hundred people, in a city of seventy thousand, and when at least ten thousand would want to be present, was precisely the course to be taken to produce such rumours. In the morning, the *Tribune* dared them to hold the meeting inside the Hall, and called on the people, if they did so, to organize a mass meeting in front of the Hall, and there express public sentiment.

Early in the afternoon, *every vessel* in the river and harbour had its flag flying *half-mast high*; every bell in the city, about 6 1-2 o'clock, began to toll a funeral dirge, and certainly things wore a most gloomy, not to say threatening, appearance.

At last, however, either shrinking before public feeling or from the consequences of a close meeting, or really anxious that the people should hear him, the honourable Senator changed his course, and a heavy load was taken off every man's mind when, on arriving at the place of meeting, a small stand was seen erected outside and in front of the Hall. An hour before the time, the people began to assemble, and about 7 1-2 o'clock there could not be fewer than from seven to ten thousand people present. Had it been known that the meeting would have been held out of doors, there can be no doubt that at least five thousand more would have been there.

At length the Mayor came forward and stated that Senator Douglas was about to address them, and concluded by saying, "It is expected that those who are opposed to the remarks about to be made will remain silent and not disturb the meeting"—a statement that was received with equivocal cheers. The Hon. Senator was received with perfect silence, and quietly listened to till the first time he had to utter those words (that bone of bitter contention), "Nebraska bill," when there burst forth, apparently from the whole crowd, such a thunder of deep-toned groans as perhaps never was heard in Chicago before, and before which the speaker prudently quailed with bitter mortification. The Hon. Senator had not proceeded many sentences before he made the most unhappy assertion that he believed they had never read the bill—that they did not understand its meaning, and that, though the united city press had grossly slandered and abused him, there was not one of them had dared to print the bill. This last statement was so generally known to be false that it was received with a jeering laugh, and by the whole meeting flatly contradicted. Yet again and again, and in the most insulting tone, were these statements reiterated, and in fifteen minutes the indignant feelings of the meeting had become so strong, and the speaker himself had become so much excited, that it became most evident there was little chance for a good speech or a fair hearing that evening.

From what Judge Douglas did say, however, it could easily be seen that he had prepared a shrewd and most destructive line of argument for his opponents. Had he been permitted to deliver his speech, and we shall doubtless have it yet, he would have overwhelmed, at least with sophistry and denunciation, all his adversaries. He had selected a number of most pointed dilemmas, on the horns of which he intended unmercifully to toss them. Going back to 1848, he glorified himself as having stood alone on the slavery line he then introduced, which, by all parties—Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers—was denounced and finally rejected. Having opposed with all their might the Missouri Compromise, he taunted them for now abusing him because he had repealed that measure. He dwelt strongly on their present inconsistency, the State Legislature having almost unanimously instructed him to vote for the Nebraska bill. The honourable gentleman, however, was clearly not himself on this occasion; he ever and anon appealed to the meeting for answers to his queries; he dared any one man to give in his name if he contended for this or that sentiment—a course always irritating; and then, when he received a tart rejoinder, he became petulant, denounced his enemies, and, in a short time, compelled to lay his manuscript aside, wordy sharpshooting and universal confusion followed. Mr. Douglas soon lost all self-control, threw aside the dignity of the orator, placing his hat on his head, his arms a-kimbo, and in a very undignified manner, leaning on the rail before him, defied and denounced the meeting, and threatened he would put down the "mob" or stay there till morning. The Mayor now interfered, stated that any man who disturbed the meeting should be arrested, and a number of constables with their staves immediately made their way into different parts of the meeting These, however, the moment they separated, found themselves totally powerless, and did not make the slightest effort to stop the proceedings; and the attempt only increased the general determination that Senator Douglas should not be heard further. To a quiet outsider, the scene now became exceedingly pitiable. There stood an honourable Senator of the United States, said to be the strongest politician in the nation, gesticulating and shouting most ferociously; before him were, now, near ten thousand of his constituents, nearly the whole of whom, feeling themselves insulted by his language, and their interests betrayed by his political acts, were determined that he should be signally rebuked. At length he began to threaten, to bully, and to demand his right to be heard; declared he had laboured for Illinois before most of his hearers had ever heard the name of Chicago; all of which, of course, only increased the indignation and confusion of the meeting. Affairs now began to wear a threatening aspect, and it was evident that Mr. Douglas's friends were earnestly persuading him not to prolong the contest, but to leave the platform. This advice he sternly refused to follow; and on one of his friends coming up to him on the stand, he ruthlessly thrust him back again.

Toward the close of the meeting, without attempting for a moment to justify the doings of ten thousand citizens in refusing to hear him, I am compelled to say Judge Douglas acted so violently as to give his best friends much uneasiness; he began to attack the *Chicago Tribune*, which instantly called forth three cheers for it; denounced the meeting as an armed mob, and dared them to come forth and inflict on him that personal violence which he knew they had beforehand determined on. So the meeting continued until about 10 1-2, when, perfectly hoarse with vociferating, exhausted with fatigue, and terribly mortified at so signal an overthrow, the honourable gentleman, shaking his clenched fist at the meeting, and declaring that, though they were an armed mob, he had not yet done with them, he left the stand amid a tremendous outburst, first of cheers that the meeting had triumphed over him, and then of groans for the retiring Senator. The Judge was speedily in a carriage and quickly drove off; the meeting separated immediately in perfect order, and thus ended one of the most terrible manifestations of public indignation that ever disappointed politician was doomed to writhe under. Many times during the meeting, Mr. Douglas was called on to speak on the rejected River and Harbour bill; but to this he persistingly replied that on the present occasion he would not utter a single word on that subject, which helped to produce the confusion which prevailed.

The fact is, Senator Douglas has been grossly imposed on by his indiscreet followers in this city. During the meeting, I heard one of his warmest friends make the following remarks:

"On the day Mr. Douglas came to the city I told him that Isaac Cook had deceived him; that the great mass of the people had read all his speeches; that they well understood the whole question; that four-fifths of the Democrats, as well as all other parties, were earnestly opposed to the Nebraska bill, and that if he attempted to get up a meeting, he would be most signally defeated."

In these few words lie the whole truth of the matter. Nineteen out of twenty of the whole people here are determinedly opposed to the Nebraska bill. They have satisfied themselves that they do understand the whole question, and, after all that has transpired, it was too much to expect them quietly to be told that they had not read the bill and did not at all understand its provisions. Besides, the people have not forgotten the unfair use that was made of a similar meeting in 1850. There the people were respectful and suffered his friends to have their own way. It is well known how that event was turned against the real sentiment of the city, and what political capital Judge Douglas made out of it. This time the people were determined that their voice should be heard, and that the trumpet should give no uncertain sound. I am fully persuaded, however, that had Judge Douglas been respectful, had he started off by admitting the fact that he had done a political deed which all his old opponents and most of his own friends much censured, admitted their right to express their disapprobation, and then candidly asked to present the matter in some new light, expressed a hope that he would at least modify, if not totally change, their views, and frankly thrown himself on their indulgence, he would have received a respectful hearing; he would have been listened to, but still his course would have been disapproved. It will be useless for the Judge to argue that the meeting was broken up by a few rowdies hired for the purpose. For it is admitted most clearly in *Young America*, the Nebraska organ just started here, "that not a man in that vast throng who was opposed to the speaker in politics made any effort to preserve order or control the mob." That is the fact; the sentiment was that of the whole meeting. This terrible overthrow was the work of the vast majority of the people of this city. VERITAS.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY IN ST. DOMINGO.

THERE seems to be no longer any room to doubt that the administration have determined to recognise the independence and sovereignty of the Spanish end of the island of Hayti, which has been for the last eight or ten years in a state of revolt against the imperial government. This step will raise two questions for the consideration of the American people of no ordinary gravity. The first is, have we a sufficient pretext for lending our countenance and sanction to the revolting Dominicans, to the probable prejudice of our relations with Hayti? And the other is, are we prepared to abandon the narrow and intolerant policy which we have hitherto observed towards governments conducted by Africans and their descendants? We have little to apprehend, it is true, from the ill will of the Haytian Emperor. He might embarrass the commerce which has grown up with his subjects, now eighth in point of importance to us among the nations of the earth; but the loss would fall upon a limited number of merchants, who might not, perhaps, be able to lift the voice of complaint above the big bass drum with which the State always drowns the clamour of individual suffering. One thing, however, is clear: that it is impossible for that island to be occupied by two governments in harmony with each other. The existence of a divided sovereignty there has always been the curse of its inhabitants ever since it has been known to civilized man. Columbus found the aboriginal tribes quarrelling with each other; his successors in the East always quarrelled with the French who colonized the West; and when the Europeans were driven out, about half a century ago, the negroes of the two extremities took up the quarrel and have kept it alive ever since, with the exception of the period of the union under Boyer, which, but for European meddlers, would have been permanent. The proclamation of religious toleration to all sects and denominations of Christians, by the Haytians, was taken advantage of by designing people to induce a revolt from that union, which, under one pretence or another, has been sustained up to the present time. This disunion is a calamity to both extremities of the island, and we should be sorry to see the United States do anything to perpetuate it.

As to the other point, our views are well known. We are not aware of any good reason for refusing to recognise any government that has an independent existence, whatever may be the complexion or character of its people, nor for neglecting to avail ourselves of any commercial advantages which may properly be obtained from them by treaty or otherwise. We would as soon negotiate with Hayti, which takes annually, in our own vessels, between two and three millions of dollars worth of our produce, as with Austria, or Italy, or Spain, that take from us no more, if as much. But such has not been the policy of the country. All black governments have been placed under the ban of the nation; and the government of Liberia, which was established mainly at the expense and under the auspices of the American people, a government which has proved unexpectedly successful, and which enjoys the general sympathy of the nation, has found no prominent politician in the country, not even its most illustrious friend, Mr. Clay, willing to ask for it the courtesies ordinarily extended to civilized nations.

We are not aware that the political sentiment of the country has recently undergone any change favourable to a relaxation of the rule which has hitherto prevailed upon this subject. What, then, is to be done with the proposition, which will undoubtedly be made at the next Congress, for the recognition of St. Domingo? It is pretended, we know, by those who are most directly interested in securing an American protectorate for the Dominican government, that the revolters and their rulers are mostly white people; but that is an error too easily exploded to prevail long. We doubt if any unprejudiced witness can be produced who will testify that there are five hundred whites in all Dominica. In the public service there is not a single white man or an individual who would have been recognised as a citizen under the rules laid down by Messrs. Clayton and Webster during their respective administrations of the State Department. We give to-day the genealogy of the leading members of the government, including the Congress that is expected to ratify the treaty which Mr. and Mrs. Cazneau are negotiating. It will be seen that they are all blacks or mixed blood.

This statement, with the note accompanying it, has been furnished us by one who resided many years in St. Domingo and has held one of the highest offices under its government. We have no doubt of its substantial accuracy. It is readily susceptible of demonstration, we believe, that the general proportion of whites to coloured people in both extremities of the island is about the same. The fact that the Spaniards have less of the prejudice against intermarriage with blacks than any other European colonists in St. Domingo has resulted in producing one distinction, which doubtless exists between the population of the East and West. The Haytians are a nation of blacks with a large infusion of mulattoes, the Dominicans are a nation of mulattoes with a large infusion of blacks. The proportion of whites in both is about the same. And how should it be otherwise? When Toussaint took possession of St. Domingo, in 1800, the Spaniards emigrated in large numbers to neighbouring islands and to South America. There have been two very extensive emigrations from there since, while there has never been any considerable emigration to the east part of the island, except of Haytians from the West. If they have white people in St. Domingo, when did they go or how did they get there?

But this is all a pretence. There are motives for desiring our government to lend its countenance to the Dominican revolters which are not disclosed. It is necessary for the accomplishment of what is proposed to pretend that the Dominicans are white, and are claiming our protection against the persecutions of their black neighbours. In due time that pretence will be exploded and the true state of the case exposed. Then what shall we do? Shall we abandon our policy with regard to African governments, or shall we adhere to it? Shall we recognise the Dominican as a government *de facto*, and with it the Haytian and Liberian; or shall we make a discrimination in favour of the Dominicans; or shall we have nothing further to do with any of them? These are questions which the people, who are soon to choose their representatives in the next Congress, may as well turn over in their minds.—*Eve. Post.*

GENEALOGY OF THE POLITICAL AUTHORITIES OF ST. DOMINGO.

PEDRO SANTANA, President of the Republic. His father was an old resident of Hiuc

which is contained in John Mitchel's recent letter to Archbishop Hughes:

"Now, does your grace see anything so horrible in a plantation of negroes? Are you not aware that priests, bishops, monasteries, yea, Popes, have held slaves? Yet it is not wonderful that *you* should not covet a plantation in the South, so long as you possess that enviable piece of property, *the Calvary Cemetery*, where, I see by the newspapers, 448 *of your flock were buried last week, at a fee of* FIVE DOLLARS *per corpse, to you.* I wish your grace joy. I shall be almost tempted, instead of a well-stocked plantation in Alabama, to wish for a *well-peopled grave yard* on Long Island."

How hard Mr. Mitchel has hit Archbishop Hughes in the above, we do not profess to know; but certainly, in pointing out the analogy between wishing to entomb men and to enslave them—the latter of which is his own wish—he hits himself very palpably.—*National Era.*

HUMANITY.

TRANSLATED, FROM THE GERMAN OF KINKEL, BY ALFRED BARKERVILLE.

Upon the hoary earth already
Have countless nations been enrolled,
And holocausts to gods been offered,
Enthroned on altars manifold.

Again the pious will hereafter
To God still fairer altars build,
And sorrows yet unknown be suffered,
And with new joys the heart be filled.

It blinds me not! With Love's affection
The strife of Time I gaze upon,
'Mid changing destinies and nations
Humanity rolls smoothly on.

I know that ne'er a day hath broken
Which gladdened not one single breast;
That ne'er a spring hath followed winter
But with a song the world it blessed.

I know that from the goblet's torrent
Conceptions vast, creative, rise;
I know that in a woman's kisses
A gentle fount of vigour lies.

I know that everywhere the heavens
Now darkly frown, now smile so bright,
That everywhere an eye believing
Beholds the starry host by night.

Thus 't is the same, the same forever,
That thrills through every human breast;
I see but brothers wheresoever
Mine eyes upon the earthball rest.

A link of that great chain which bindeth
The future to the past am I;
I snatch from out the struggling surges
The jewel of humanity.

GERRIT SMITH ON PARTIES AND MEN IN THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

[From Frederick Douglass's Paper.]

PETERBORO', Monday, Aug. 28, 1854.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS—*My Dear Friend:* I see, in your last paper, your letter to myself. I shall take pleasure in answering your questions, since you are of the number of those whose wishes I am especially glad to gratify.

1. As you are aware, I went to Congress with very little hope of the peaceful termination of American slavery. I have returned with less. I still see no evidence that the North will act effectually for such termination—for I still see no evidence that it will act honestly for it. It is true that I learn of anti-Nebraska indignation meetings all over the North. But this does not greatly encourage me. It is repentance, not indignation, which the North needs to feel and to manifest. It becomes not the North to be angry with the South about the Nebraska bill, or about any other pro-slavery thing. Her duty is to confess her shame and sorrow that her political, ecclesiastical and commercial influence has gone to uphold slavery, and to deceive the but-too-willing to be deceived South into the belief that slavery is right, or, at least, excusable. Had there been such confession, there would have been no Nebraska bill to get angry about, or to make party capital of. Had there been such confession, the South would have had no heart to extend slavery. All her concern would have been to abolish it.

Now, for the North to be honest in the matter of slavery, is to treat it as they would any other great crime: and, therefore, to deny that there can be a law for it. It is, in a word, to do unto others, in that matter, as they would have others do unto them, in it. Do the people of the North believe that they would honour and obey slavery as a law should it ever lay claim to their own necks? If they do not, then they are dishonest in acknowledging it to be law when others are its victims.

Is it said that the honesty which I here commend would exasperate the South? I answer that it would go far to conquer the South. Let the North say: "We have sinned against our enslaved brother in acknowledging that the immeasurable crime against him is capable of the obligations and sacredness of law. We will do so no more—whatever Constitutions and statutes may require of us, and however great the lossess we may suffer in our trade and in our political and religious party connections." Let the North speak such words of penitence and principle, and the South will listen. When the Northern heart begins to melt, the Southern heart, also, will begin to melt.

It is demonstrations of our honesty, not of our cunning, which are needed to influence and convert the South. The tricks which Northern Legislatures have resorted to, or threatened to resort to, for the purpose of evading, or nullifying, the fugitive servant clause of the Constitution and the fugitive servant statutes of Congress, can have no tendency to inspire the South either with the fear of us or the love of us. I need not say it for the ten-thousandth time—that my eyes detect no slavery in the Constitution, and that I utterly deny that the attempt to smuggle slavery into it was at all successful. But the great mass of the Northern people widely disagree with me, at this point; and hence, what is required of them by the spirit of truth and the God of truth is, not to practise indirection and fraud, but frankly to acknowledge that the South has their bond, and that so wicked is the bond that conscience constrains them to refuse, at whatever hazard, to fulfill it.

I referred to the fact that my hope of the bloodless termination of American slavery is less now than it was when I went to Congress. I confess that I did hope to find some Southern men there who are willing to aid in bringing about such a termination. But I found none of them who are willing to lift so much as a finger to this end. A few Southern members of Congress seek, by means of nonsensical and wicked speculations on the nature of the African and on the Divine purposes, to persuade themselves that slavery is right in itself. As a matter of course, such contend that slavery should endure forever. But even with the mass of them, the case is very little more hopeful. It is true that they admit that slavery is in itself an evil. But they will do nothing to put an end to it. They had rather amuse themselves with the notion that colonization will drain it off, or with some other equally great absurdity—if, indeed, there is, or can be, any other as great. The more, however, that I know of this class of Southern men, the more satisfied I am that even those of them who are the most deeply convicted of the wrongfulness of slavery, regard the evil as too formidable for their little courage to grapple with. They are cowed in the presence of its magnitude, and they prefer to let it roll on to an indefinite future, and to a posterity which they hope will have more advantages than now exist for happily disposing of it.

2. You ask if the Anti-Slavery cause has anything to hope for from the present Congress. It has not. What can Liberty hope from a Congress that commits so heinous a crime against her as to pass the Nebraska bill? What from a House of Representatives, not fifty members of which dared to say they were in favour of repealing the Fugitive Slave Act?

3. You wish my opinions of the influence of the anti-slavery members of Congress. I had rather give you my opinion of the members, and then you can judge for yourself what must be the character and extent of the influence which they exert. I take it for granted that you mean by anti-slavery members those only who are known as Abolitionists, and who accept the reproach of being Abolitionists.

CHASE is wise, learned, upright. He is an able lawyer, and an able statesman. His range of thought and information is wide; and, even without special preparation, he can speak well on the subjects that come before him.

SUMNER is not so ready and versatile as Chase. But put into his hands a subject which interests his heart—Peace or Freedom, for instance—and give him time to elaborate it—and where is the man who can speak or write better? Sumner is as guileless and ingenuous as a child; and hence my astonishment at the base and ferocious feeling manifested toward him at one period of the session. Chase and Sumner are gentlemen—Christian gentlemen. Great is my love of them; and were I to add, "passing the love of women," I should not be guilty of great extravagance.

GILLETTE has been in the Senate but a short time; long enough, however, to give evidence that he has a sound head and a sound heart. He loves the anti-slavery cause as well as Chase and Sumner; and surpasses them in zeal for the no less precious cause of temperance.

To come to the Abolitionists in the House. All know "Old GIDDINGS." An able man is he. His rough, strong common sense is worth infinitely more than the refinement and polish of which so many light-minded men are vain. He is ready and powerful in debate. An honest and fearless man, too, is he. I shall never forget the many proofs which I witnessed of his unflinching devotion to the right and the true. If his severity upon slaveholders is, sometimes, excessive, nevertheless, it is not for them to complain of it. He learned it of them. Or, to say the least, it is a very natural retaliation for the wrongs and outrages which, for a dozen or fifteen years, they have been industriously heaping upon him. Greatly do I rejoice to see that the friends of freedom have taken him up for another election to Congress. They honour themselves in honouring him. There should not be one vote against him.

I must not fail to advert, in this connection, to my great obligations to Mr. Giddings, for the assistance which he so kindly and generously afforded me, in my ignorance of the rules of the House.

We turn next to EDWARD WADE, of Ohio. A stranger, looking over the House, would make no account of that black little fellow, who sits in one corner of it. But let him read Edward Wade's remarkably strong speech on the Nebraska bill, or hear one of his pithy five minutes speeches, and he will find that he has another occasion for applying the Saviour's injunction, "Judge not according to the appearance." Wade is an eminently conscientious and religious man. I am glad to see that he, too, is nominated for another election to Congress. He should be, as often as he is willing to take the nomination.

Colonel DE WITT, of Massachusetts, was sick much of the session. All who were so fortunate as to become acquainted with him were impressed with his good sense, generous disposition, and agreeable manners.

As DAVIS, of Rhode Island, was chosen by the Democratic party, that party may not thank me for calling him an Abolitionist. Nevertheless, he is one. He has a brother's heart for every human being, and that makes him an Abolitionist. I sat next to him during the whole session; and I esteemed it no small privilege to sit for so long a time by the side of one who is so sincere, so affectionate, so philanthropic. Davis is a plain, but forcible, speaker. The city of Providence owes him much for his effective speeches in behalf of a large (perhaps too large) appropriation for building her Custom House.

4. In answer to your fourth question, I would say, that all the members of Congress who belong to the Whig or Democratic party are necessarily "supporters of slavery." Every national party in this country must be pro-slavery. The South will come into no party, and abide in no party, that is anti-slavery. I cheerfully admit that there is many a Whig, and that there is many a Democrat, earnestly anti-slavery. Nevertheless, their individual influence *against* slavery is as nothing compared with their party influence *for* it. As well may a man with a mill-stone tied to his neck try to save his drowning fellows as a Whig or a Democrat try, under his heavy pro-slavery load, to promote the anti-slavery cause. His anti-slavery endeavours, however sincere, are all frustrated by his pro-slavery party connection; and that connection must be dissolved ere he can give effect to those endeavours. Our national parties, ecclesiastical as well as political, once abolished, and the peaceful death of slavery would be a speedy event. But the great reason why we are denied the prospect of this happy event is that the members of these parties love them too well, and are too far under their infatuating influence to consent to their abolition.

5. I proceed to answer your last inquiry. There are in the House a number of gentlemen of remarkable capacity and training for the transaction of business. Conspicuously among them are HAVEN of New York, and ORR of South Carolina, and PHELPS of Mobile—all three of whom are not only judicious and clear-headed, but swift in business. BRECKINRIDGE of Kentucky is, perhaps, behind none of them. He gave us but few specimens of his powers. They were sufficient, however, to prove, that his very keen and vigorous intellect is habituated to business. Judging from the admirable discharge of his duties, as Speaker, BOYD of Kentucky must be, in all respects, one of the best business men in the House. LETCHER of Virginia and JONES of Tennessee, are as expert in stopping business, as any members of the House are in doing it: and to stop business is, oftentimes, more meritorious and useful than to do it.

CHANDLER of Pennsylvania is prominent among the scholars of the House. Judge PERKINS of Louisiana struck me as a gentleman of very great refinement, both in mind and manner. F. P. STANTON has a rich and beautiful mind. Its turn is as speculative as R. H. STANTON's is practical. The former of these brothers lives in Tennessee—the latter in Kentucky. With the single exception of Richard, who is all facts and figures, the whole Stanton family, in several of its generations, is highly poetical.

The House can boast of wits also. EWING of Kentucky is inferior to none of them.

I could name several members of the House who are decidedly eloquent. GOV. SMITH of Virginia, with his lively mind, smooth and ready utterance, and various other qualities, must be very effective "on the stump." I wish BANKS of Massachusetts would lay hold of themes worthy of his fine powers of oratory. He would find it easier to be eloquent on them than on inferior subjects. Indeed, a great cause is itself eloquence; and the most, which he who speaks for it needs to do, is to stand out of its way, and let it speak for itself.

BENTON, in respect to his remarkable fulness of political knowledge, and in some other respects also, is, of course, the great man of the House. But he is not the only strong man there. There are more than twenty in that body who deserve to be called strong men. There is no lack of talent in it. I wish I could add that there is no lack of morals and manners in it. But, whilst some of the members are emphatically gentlemen, in their personal habits, there are more of them who use profane language, or defile themselves with tobacco, or poison themselves with rum. I trust that the day has already dawned in which it will not be allowed that *gentlemen* can be guilty of such coarse and insulting wickedness, of such sheer nastiness, and of such low and mad sensuality.

You were a slave until you reached manhood. Hence, the world is surprised that you have risen into the highest class of public writers and public speakers. It is no less cause of surprise, however, that you are a dignified and refined gentleman. Nevertheless, gentleman, and scholar, and orator as you are, there are strenuous objections to your taking your seat in Congress. How ludicrous a figure, in the eye of reason, is that member of Congress (and there are more than fifty such!), who, in one breath, swears that he would not so disgrace himself as to sit by the side of "FRED. DOUGLASS," and who, in the next breath, squirts his tobacco juice upon the carpet!

I became pretty well acquainted with nearly all the members of the House. In very many of them there was much to please me—much, indeed, to win my affectionate regards. Nevertheless, I could not be blind to the glaring fact, that Congress preëminently needs to witness the achievements of the temperance reformation, and the tobacco reformation, and the religion of Jesus Christ. Your Friend, GERRIT SMITH.

THE NUMBER OF SLAVEHOLDERS.—The Census Bureau will, in a few weeks, issue a supplementary work, embracing, among other things, a statement of the number of slaveholders in the United States. We learn from the superintendent, Mr. De Bow, that, as nearly ascertained for the present, the number will be about 375,000. It is to be hoped that the several grades of slaveholders will be given; as, for instance, how many own one hundred or more, how many fifty, etc. We incline to the opinion that one-tenth of the slaveholders own one-half of the slaves; and if the census returns are full and satisfactory, we feel confident that this fact will appear. We are, also, impressed with an idea that another tenth of the slave-holders would be found to own half of the remaining of the slaves; and, if we are correct in the opinion, formed from long acquaintance with slavery, it would appear that one-fifth, or seventy-five thousand slaveholders, own three-fourths of the slaves. This is the ruling class of the South, and of the nation, before which the American people, North and South, have been constrained to bow down and pay homage—the homage of moral prostitution.—*National Era.*

EDMUND QUINCY.—The Cleveland *Leader* pays the following tribute to Mr. Quincy, who passed through Cleveland, on his homeward way, from the Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

"It gives every one pleasure to meet a man who puts aside shams and grapples with realities in a life-battle. Such a man is Edmund Quincy, of Massachusetts. Tempted on entering life by social and political honors which *waited for him* if he would only pursue the beaten path, and persuaded by influences and powers, which make *class* and *party* so effective, to serve himself by serving them, he had the courage to hear the inner voice and to follow it. Success, in the world's sense is not his; but he has what no mortal may value too highly—*character*—a basis of his own, and so marked and founded on justice and truth, as to render him, in the best sense of the word, an honest man. Mr. Q. was in our city on Tuesday, and right glad were we to meet and greet him. We regret only that he could not remain longer among us."

STANDARD OFFICE REMOVED.—The Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from 142 to 138 Nassau street, on the corner of Beekman, and directly over the Counting Room of the *Daily Times*. The new office, like the old one, is at the head of the first flight of stairs, first door after turning to the right.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1854.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d, 24th and 25th October, in West Chester. A great meeting is expected. William Lloyd Garrison and other distinguished speakers from a distance will be present. The Woman's Rights Convention is to be held in Philadelphia, on the 18th and 19th of October, and it is expected that Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown and others, who will be in attendance on that occasion, will be induced to remain over to attend the Anti-Slavery Meeting at West Chester.

☞ SPECIAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—In accordance with a vote passed at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in New York, in May last, its Executive Committee hereby give notice, that a Special Meeting of the Society will be held in Syracuse, N. Y., on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 29 and 30 (commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.), to which all who deplore the existence of slavery in our country are cordially invited, whatever may be their views as to the best mode of effecting the overthrow of this terrible system of wrong and outrage. Our platform is free to all who choose to stand upon it—to slaveholders and their apologists, as well as to those who are for the immediate liberation of all who are in bondage—as we believe our cause to be holy and invincible, our principles eternal and immutable, and our measures wise and effective. Wherein we err, either in sentiment or action, we desire to be enlightened; hence, "free discussion" is our motto. To the true and uncompromising friends of liberty, we need not make any urgent appeal to secure their cheering presence and valuable counsel, as far as practicable, at the approaching meeting. They know what the crisis demands, will remember their obligations, and be prompt in the discharge of their duties. But we strongly solicit the attendance of such as are yet only partially interested in the subject, or have yet to learn what connection the North sustains with the South in relation to slavery, or imagine that, individually, they have no responsibility whatever for the continuance of that "sum of all villanies" in our otherwise favoured land. The struggle in which we are engaged is neither sectional nor complexional, but broad as the whole country, relating to MAN as distinguished from the BRUTE, and seeking the liberty and happiness of all classes.

Distinguished speakers from various parts of the country will be present; and the proverbial hospitality of the liberty-loving citizens of Syracuse will be extended, to the extent of their ability, to such as may come from a distance.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries,
SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, }

☞ We learn that, since the above notice appeared, the Executive Committee have agreed to a proposition to adjourn the meeting of the American Society on Friday evening, in order that the JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION may take place on Saturday. Perhaps the American Society may hold a meeting on Saturday evening, though we are not authorized to make such an announcement.

We are authorized to say that WM. LLOYD GARRISON, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, LUCY STONE, C. L. REMOND, WM. WELLS BROWN (if he arrives in season from England), Rev. A. T. Foss and Rev. S. J. MAY are expected to be among the speakers at the meeting of the American Society. We trust GERRIT SMITH will also be present. With such an array of talent and eloquence, the meeting cannot fail to be one of very great interest and importance. The Jerry Rescue Celebration will also be an occasion worthy of the presence of every friend of the cause who can possibly attend. [See notice in another column.]

FLAWS IN SLAVEHOLDING LOGIC.

On the first page, under the Pro-Slavery head, will be found what purports to be a veritable history of a small community of emancipated slaves, settled on "*Israel Hill*," near the town of Farmville, Virginia, who, for the last forty years, have been trying the experiment of taking care of themselves, and pretending to be men instead of cattle, with what the writer of the history considers a very poor show of success. The article is neither florid nor bombastic, and in its tone of candour and calmness carries with it an uncommon air of plausibility. It must be remembered, however, that it is written—as in the latitude of Baltimore it only could be written—in the interest of the slaveholders and haters of the Africo-Americans. Besides the expression of this hatred of a race (hated because abused) in newspapers and speeches, the very laws of Virginia have been tinctured with it. The attempt has been steadily persisted in, in the Virginia Legislature, for many years, to surround the condition of its free coloured population with such legal disabilities that a residence in the State would become intolerable. The whole animus of the Colonization Society, which has drawn its chief support from the more northern slave States, has been the expatriation of the free coloured people. Let us not be surprised, then, if only the most disastrous experiments of emancipation are cited, and those distorted to correspond to the theories of the propagandists of Slavery.

Southern statistics are proverbially fallacious. Those ingenious persons who have been lately employed to torture the *census* into a few false confessions concerning the comparative prosperity and morality of North and South have been too often exposed to leave them any character as authorities. Besides, statements just like these with regard to the "Israel Hill" negroes have been made by pro-slavery journals with reference to the condition of the emancipated slaves of the West Indies, and the free coloured communities of the British Provinces and Canada, and have been proved to be false.

With these large grains of allowance, let us examine the relations betwixt the proud and illustrious Old Dominion and that portion of the people who, with a legitimate claim upon her for protection, education and government, dwell on "*Israel Hill.*" Mr. Richard Randolph was a most excellent person, a man of a good stock, with some political importance in his day, whom, in spite of his fanaticism, it will not do even now to speak against. But he fell long ago into "*the opinion, then general in the South and especially in Virginia, that slavery was a curse alike to master and slave*"; an opinion held, too, by Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Washington, and Mr. Randolph's eccentric and well known brother John. The Old Dominion, from the time that one of her early colonial Governors thanked God that she had no such a nuisance as public schools in her borders, down to the time when she sent a young lady to jail for teaching children to read, has always known how to apply the wet blanket of her conservative good sense to the feverish philanthropy of her citizens. Virginia has never encouraged the nonsense of emancipation—a monomania with the two Randolphs. For fifteen years she resisted, in her courts, the humane intentions of the excellent deceased—a very interesting, well-contested, regular law suit, no doubt. But at length there is a final judgment. Appeals, exceptions, demurrers, motions in arrest, and all the mechanism which serves as a drag and dead-weight upon the great legal machine, have all performed their office, and there is no more delay possible. The will is affirmed, and emancipation decreed. But Mr. Randolph must pay his debts before he can indulge himself in this extravagance of benevolence and hurt the feelings of his neighbours. To be sure he must, for he is a very honourable man. Now, what other debts his estate was charged with, we do not know, but here was a fifteen years' law-suit to pay for, and what wonder that the candidates for emancipation found themselves considerably thinned off in paying up the bills?

We don't suppose that we are at liberty to conjecture that while the "*matter of the Last Will, &c., of Richard Randolph*" was taking its legitimate and formal course through all the Virginia tribunals, the persons who were most deeply interested in the result were even in casual attendance upon the court; that the young coloured ladies of the estate, taking their parasols and gloves, sauntered into the seats of the spectators to encourage their gallant advocates with their smiles, and to move the humane Judges with their tears; that the young black and yellow gentlemen of the Randolph connection lounged about the door smoking segars, and betting with the scions of the *Chivalry* upon the result of the trial; nor that the shrewd old grey heads among the *hands* sat behind, to ply the ears of their counsel with such suggestions as would be likely to occur to a man, the liberty of whom and of whose posterity was put in issue.

We know that nothing of the kind occurred. The whole gang were somewhere else, raising corn and tobacco for some Virginian gentleman, just the same as if Richard Randolph had never died, or, dying, had left no will at all. Fifteen years is half the lifetime of a generation, and when finally Virginia has nothing further to say why the will of her distinguished citizen should not be executed, one-half of the slaves whose moral training had been so well cared for by the testator had been consumed and their places supplied by such as had been bred and trained by the executors, heirs or lessees.

However, our unhappy historian reckons that even after fifteen years wear and tear of the piety and good morals which these slaves should have acquired from the exemplary Mr. Randolph, their selection of the name of "*Israel Hill*" is indicative of a decided "*religious tone*" influencing their conduct, and perhaps it is. Besides, "*they enjoyed the advantages of association with intelligent whites; they were taught the principles of the Christian religion; they were settled upon fertile land in a temperate climate, and food and water were abundant.*" Why, then, cannot these *Israel-Hillers* get on better? What do they want? What do their friends want for them?

For it seems that they do *not* get on prosperously, either materially or spiritually. The religious training, "the *association of intelligent whites*," the motherly solicitude of Virginia, have availed them nothing. "*Crab-grass, carrot-weed, briars and other ill-favoured products of an impoverished soil*" grapple with their feeble crops of corn and tobacco, potatoes and peas, and subdue them. The women are prostitutes, the men are thieves. Broils and battles are of frequent occurrence among them, and, what, perhaps, is the summing up of all their sins in one mass of total depravity in the eyes of neighbouring slaveholders, *fugitive slaves get harboured among them!*

We are sorry for these poor men, for these wicked men (for such we are ready to believe they are), that they have not more provident ways of using the good things of this life. But are they the only dwellers upon the "*fertile soil*" and in the "*temperate climate*" of the South who do not get on well? We have heard of a sort of Yankee-Gipsey race of "*Poor White Men*" in the Carolinas and Georgia, where they are called "*Sand-Hillers,*" whose general material prosperity quite closely resembles that of the *Israel-Hillers*. We have always supposed that the road to wealth and prosperity in the South, for all that did not own slaves, was a hard one to travel generally. Even Virginia families of the first eminence, having the advantage of owning large numbers of human chattels, and having had for fifty years the prescriptive right to billet their families on the national treasury, have fallen into decay; and we have read descriptions of towns in the *Old Dominion* where the aboriginal woods have returned to occupy and overshadow the sites of streets and gardens, houses and churches. Besides, let not the white Virginian taunt his tawny brethren of "*Israel Hill*" because they cannot keep up with him, since he enjoys a monopoly in the trade of breeding and selling men. While the free coloured man raises a few cents by marketing his scanty tobacco and shrivelled corn, and resorts to theft to eke out his income, the chivalric slaveholder pockets his thousand dollars for every likely young man and every comely young woman, perhaps his own sons and daughters, that he happens to have to sell.

As to the low state of morals existing among this community of whilom slaves, we doubt if Virginia has quite washed her hands of it. Why should not people, who, upon the plantation of a man who assumed to be the owner, not only of all the food they ate and clothing they wore, but of their own bodies, be thieves upon principle, if not thieves by instinct? The great primal theft of themselves, renewed in the daily theft of their labour, is constantly suggestive of retaliation. Thus, too, the mean economy which restricts to such food as northern farmers give their horses, and such garments as they use to clothe their scare-crows, a class of people with keener sensual appetites and greater love of finery than a more educated class, can but result in a general purloining of whatever in the slipshod methods of southern house-keeping lies in their way, to gratify their appetites and instincts. What wonder, too, that the early crushed plant of female virtue should be no more easy to grow again among these ex-slaves than among Americans or Europeans generally? Slavery knows no real marriage, nothing but such an animal cohabitation, for a longer or shorter period, as shall yield the greatest increase of marketable stock. And the sanctity and exclusiveness of even this sham marriage is violated by every lascivious master or brutal overseer that has full impunity to do it.

Select from every New England town one hundred and thirty people, of all ages, who had been deprived of all the advantages of education, and place them in a community by themselves, hemmed in by the general prejudice, hatred and jealousy of all the rest of society; provide them with no schools, no moral or religious teaching; take from them the rights of citizenship, and utterly ignore their political existence; habitually speak of all their efforts at self-culture and improvement under such adverse circumstances as the curious intelligence of baboons; and would it take forty years to make them a den of felons? The truth is, Virginia has some other reparation to make to her peeled and plundered labourers than to turn them out to work out such hopeless experiments as that at "*Israel Hill*," and then call upon all the hard hearts of the world to laugh at a failure which she intended and procured. She cannot shake herself clear of more than two centuries of violence and cruelty with no other inconvenience than a man incurs in throwing away his cigar. The race she has oppressed she has also corrupted, and must painfully and resolutely cure, and educate, and compensate, not with the cold charities of "*Israel Hill*" or *Liberia*, but with sacrifices of her own comforts, humiliation of her own pride, and the unaffected, earnest, sagacious benevolence of her own noblest and most cultivated classes.

ASPECTS OF REFORM IN CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

KENNETT, Chester Co., Pa., Sept. 7, 1854.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The STANDARD having become, in some sense, the organ of Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery, perhaps you will be glad to hear, at least occasionally, from this somewhat celebrated County, wherein, as the natural heir to the "good will" of the late *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and in consideration, as well, of its own inherent good qualities, your journal has many warm friends. If the half of what has been said of the Reformers of Chester County by their fellow-labourers in other places be true, our claims upon your notice and regard are indeed of no ordinary stamp. I have been very often told that this is the most enlightened and hospitable County in the whole State, and that its Reformers are of the truest, firmest and bravest kind—an example, in short, worthy of general imitation. As I am, comparatively speaking, a new-comer among them, and as I have had many opportunities for observation and comparison, perhaps you will not think me *immodest* if I frankly confess that I think the popular judgment in this matter not by any means so far from the truth as it might be. One thing, at least, must be confessed, viz., that the sun never shone upon a fairer landscape than ours. True, no royal mountain awes us by its majestic presence, but surely there can nowhere be found more beautiful hills or more charming vales than ours. The quality of the soil is apparent in the thrifty appearance of our crops, which not even the long drought has yet materially injured. The comfortable dwellings which dot our hills or nestle in our valleys are unmistakable evidences of physical prosperity, if not of high intellectual culture, refinement and taste. It is emphatically a land of plenty. If there are among us few men of great wealth, so, on the other hand, are we exempt from the grinding poverty which afflicts so large a portion of the human family. Our schools, already comparatively excellent, are constantly growing bettter. The state of the public morals is also such as to encourage the heart of the philanthropist. In regard to religion, the Quaker element, in its various forms of Orthodox, Hicksite and Progressive, is predominant; but there is a fair sprinkling of other sects. As you would go to New England to see the fruits of Puritanism, so if you would observe the effects of Quakerism upon a community, you might well come here. A comparison of the two would reveal contrasts at once striking and suggestive, but it would also show resemblances well calculated to confound the speculations of the theologian and to impress the observer with the conviction that "pure religion and undefiled" transcends all distinctions of sect and creed, and that, like its great Author, it is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

But it was not to chronicle these general observations that I took my pen. It so happens that the anti-slavery people of this vicinity are generally very much interested in, if not identified with, the movements of the Progressive Friends. Among the leaders of that Society, I do not know one who is not an earnest and whole-souled Abolitionist. Indeed, it was the opposition of the popular sects, Quakers as well as others, to the anti-slavery movement and to other reforms, that led to the organization of this new Religious Society; hence, earnest reformers of every school are looking thereto for a higher and purer manifestation of the religious sentiment—with what result time will show. The meetings of the Society are always occasions of interest, dealing as they do, not with theological speculations, but with matters of vital and practical importance.

The Quarterly Meeting was held at Kennett Square, on Saturday last. A large audience was present. As usual, one session was devoted to preaching, very much after the fashion of the old Friends, with the difference that the platform is free to whomsoever may choose to occupy it. On this occasion, the speakers were LUCRETIA MOTT, THOMAS CURTIS, MARY JACKSON from England, OLIVER JOHNSON of New York, and others. Whatever else may be said of their preaching, it cannot with truth be affirmed that they forgot the claims of the American slave, nor that they elevated creeds and forms above the obligation to do good to mankind. A brief intermission followed, giving opportunity for rest and refreshment, after which the meeting again convened to transact such business as might come before it. Anti-Slavery and Temperance were each in turn the subject of earnest discussion and action. There was another topic, the consideration of which revealed some differences of opinion. Progressive Friends in this vicinity, as you know, are engaged in building, for religious, moral, scientific, literary and social purposes, a new and commodious meeting-house. Notice having been given through the papers that the corner-stone of the new temple would be laid on the following day (Sunday), some of those who were present took occasion to express doubts of the propriety of such a step, as a departure from their views of simplicity, and as having the appearance of conformity to a popular custom—a custom which they thought would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. I will not undertake to report what was said on either side, but I was struck with the frankness and good feeling which characterized the discussion. No hasty or ill-tempered word was uttered—all was gentleness, courtesy and condescension. It was finally agreed that those who wanted to lay the corner-stone in a manner which they thought would comport with good taste should be at liberty to do so on their own responsibility, while those who felt objections to such a ceremony should be equally at liberty to stay away. If all the differences that arise among sects were as easily disposed of, there would be much less strife and heart-burning in the world.

On Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, a large number of persons assembled on the beautiful spot where the foundations of the new house were already laid. The object of the meeting was stated by JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, who said:

We are assembled *not as the representatives* of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, but *as individuals*, interested in the great objects for the promotion of which the building whose foundations are before us is about to be erected, for the purpose of depositing, in a *simple, unostentatious* manner, under the corner-stone thereof, a sealed jar, containing various documents, illustrating and enforcing the principles of the great Practical Reforms of the present age, viz.:

1. The Proceedings of the Whole World's Temperance Convention, held in New York, 9th month, 1853.
2. The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, at the time of its formation in 1851.
3. The Platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, including the Declaration of Sentiments of 1833. Also, the Proceedings of the same Society, at its Second Decade Meeting, held in Philadelphia, in the 12th month, 1853.
4. The Proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, held at West Chester, 6th month, 1852.
5. The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends in 1853 and 1854, including its Exposition of Sentiments, its Testimonies against War, Intemperance, Slavery, Capital Punishment, Tobacco, &c. Also, the Declaration and Basis of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, and those of the Waterloo Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends in the State of New York.
6. The Five Points Monthly Record, for the Improvement and Elevation of the Ragged and Destitute Children in New York.

We make this deposit, said the speaker, to gratify our own taste and bear our testimony in favour of principles broad as humanity, and as an indication on our part of an honest purpose to avail ourselves, from time to time, of whatever new light may be shed upon our path.

CHANDLER DARLINGTON and SIDNEY PEIRCE were then appointed to deposit the jar in the place provided for it. After brief and pertinent remarks by the former, in which he took occasion to express his interest in relics of the past, and in preserving the links conpecting the present with the future, the service was duly performed.

MARY JACKSON, from England, made an interesting address, in which she expressed her delight at seeing woman participating in the proceedings.

THOMAS CURTIS, of Philadelphia, interested the audience by gratifying allusions to evidences of the world's progress, and his great pleasure in witnessing the simplicity with which the service of the occasion had been performed, holding up at the same time the plain mason's trowel, which had just been used, as a symbol of our sympathy with the working classes.

J. A. DUGDALE, while sympathizing with the preceding speakers, and feeling an interest in the object and purposes of the meeting, said there was danger in resting where we have already attained. The crystal mountain currents may be caught and confined until they become a stagnant pool of death. There was no safety but in keeping alive and moving onward. He then expressed his gratification at the prospect of having a Cemetery laid out on the beautiful grounds before us, where we can plant flowers over the remains of the beloved departed.

OLIVER JOHNSON, of New York, said that the scene before us was so delightful and impressive that he could wish that *all* who were interested in the erection of the house were here to participate in the pleasures of the occasion. The act which had just been performed had, he doubted not, commended itself to the reason and the taste of all who had witnessed it. If, at any future time, the owners of this projected temple of Christian Reform and Progress shall pervert it to the uses of bigotry, intolerance and despotism, and shut its doors against the messengers of unpopular truth, a voice will come forth from this corner-stone to rebuke them, and to cry shame upon them for their recreancy.

WILLIAM BARNARD followed in a very happy train of remarks, expressing his great interest in the preservation of relics of the past. After feelingly addressing the children present, he directed the auditory to the great law of life in their own souls, closing with the impressive exhortation of Moses to Israel, "Wherefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them as a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes, and you shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up, and thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates."

For this sketch of what was said upon the occasion, I am indebted to a report in the West Chester *Independent Herald*. I will add that the new house will probably be ready for use early in the winter. It will meet the want, long felt in this region, of a building more commodious than any of the old Quaker meeting-houses, and accessible at all times to the friends of Christian Reform. It will also serve the purposes of the Young People hereabout, who have no proper accommodations for lyceums and popular lectures.

The regular Sunday meeting of the Progressive Friends followed the laying of the corner-stone. The house was thronged. Addresses were delivered by LUCRETIA MOTT, THOMAS CURTIS, MARY JACKSON (Temperance Lecturer and Delegate from England), OLIVER JOHNSON and others. The spirit evinced by these speakers, and the sentiments they uttered, were adapted to strengthen every good resolution and to awaken a deeper and higher interest in behalf of the oppressed.

OBSERVER.

POLITICS.

The Whigs of this State hold their Convention, on Thursday next, at Syracuse. We shall not be surprised if Horace Greeley is nominated for Governor. Unless he or some other unequivocal, out-spoken Anti-Nebraska man shall be put upon the track, the Republican Convention, to be held at Auburn a week later, will be very likely to make a separate nomination.

——The election in Maine took place on Monday. The returns are not all in, but from the complexion of those received, it is believed that the "Fusionists," or anti-Nebraska Republicans, have elected their Governor, the whole Congressional delegation, and a Legislature to match. It is thought that the Administration Democrats have not elected a single member of the Senate, while in the House their Representatives will be few and far between.

—— VERMONT, as everybody expected, has given an overwhelming verdict against the Nebraska conspirators. The whole anti-Douglas State ticket is elected by a majority ranging somewhere from ten to twelve thousand. The machine Democrats have not elected a single Senator, while in the House the Republican party (Whigs and Free Democrats) will have a majority of 100. The representation in the next Congress will be unanimous for freedom, each of the three Districts having been carried by large majorities. We trust there is too much backbone in the Green Mountain Boys now to permit the State to be sold out to a *National* Whig party in the next Presidential election.

——The Massachusetts Republican Convention, held last week in Worcester, nominated Henry Wilson for Governor. It is whispered that he will receive the support of the Know-Nothings and thus be elected by the people. One thing is very certain, viz.: that if Henry Wilson ever *does* get elected Governor and "Commander in Chief" of the Old Bay State, the slave-catchers will stand a poor chance of military aid in recovering their lost chattels. The Convention, though under the control of the leading Free Soilers, was yet attended by a considerable number of persons who have hitherto acted with either the Whig or the Democratic party. Mr. Sumner's presence appears to have kindled the highest enthusiasm. His speech on the occasion was in his very best style—manly in tone, impressive in argument, and eloquent in thought and diction.

—— Judge Bronson has been badgered into the acceptance of the 'Hard' nomination for Governor. In the event of the nomination of an earnest anti-Nebraska candidate by the Whigs, the Judge will expect to receive aid and comfort from the Silver

You cannot expect that I should have another campaign of the Sims Brigade, like that recorded in my last, to tell you of. There must be intervals peace, if it were only to set off to the better advantage the alternations of War. And you know that times of Peace, however profitable to the people, are fatal to the historian. But, while on the subject of history, I would beg your readers to correct a slight typographical error in that brilliant passage of my history which looked forward with awe to the possibility of General Edmands taking possession of Boston and exercising Martial and Pharmacopolic law over its citizens. Instead of "Imagine a Military Dictator, with a sword in one hand and a *pistol* in the other," &c., please to read, for this latter alternative, "*a pestle* in the other"—a weapon not only more dangerous in itself than the first, but more picturesquely characteristic of the gallant druggist in question. Doctor Smith hath issued no more Proclamations putting the lives of his lieges at the disposal of this heroic practitioner. He has contented himself with issuing a Proclamation, or what had marvellously the look of one, on the scarcely less delicate subject of a young lady's age. It seems there is a young actress, now performing at the Museum, of the name of Ince, whose enemies had spread the false and scandalous charge concerning her, that she was born in England! This slander her father hastened to contradict, and confirmed his statement by an affidavit, "SWORN TO BEFORE ME, J. V. C. SMITH, *Mayor of the City of Boston*"! Now, Dr. Smith had precisely as much right to administer an oath as he had to proclaim martial law and make all Boston one great Apothecary's Shop. So the vexed and important question of Miss Ince's place of birth is left to hang on this unauthentic document. And all that seems to have been settled by the Proclamations, which have been rubric on our walls, is, that if Dr. Smith and Mr. Ince do not belong to the Order of the Know-Nothings, they must be allowed to be well qualified for an initiation into those mysteries.

And this brings me back to politics. You will have seen the account of the Republican, late Free Soil ("*Sawyer, late Nockemorf*"), Convention at Worcester, and the excellent speech of Mr. Sumner thereat. Barring the weak point of the Constitutional provision about Fugitive Slaves, it is an eloquent and stirring Anti-Slavery Oration. It was most enthusiastically responded to, and, I hope, might bear some fruit, could his hearers only get possession of the State. But I fear they are not very near that desirable consummation. They nominated Gen. Wilson again, as you will have seen—which I take to be equivalent to admitting that the attempt to make a Fusion Party has ended in Confusion. So the Republican Party is only the old Free Soil Party with a new name. The great Lord Stowell, who was small in his economies as he was great in Admiralty Law, used to boast that he had seen every sight that was to be seen in London for a shilling. One day he saw "a Mermaid to be seen! Admission, One Shilling!" His lordship thought he had found a new Sight, within his limits, and proceeded to offer the usual fee to the doorkeeper. But to his surprise, the grateful and honest official refused to take it, exclaiming, "Och, my lord, walk in! It's nothing but *the ould say-sarpent!*" So, I imagine, the new Republican Party is only the old Free Soil one. The new Mermaid is nothing more nor less than the *ould say-sarpent*. I understand they have some hopes of help from the Know-Nothings—among whom are many former Free Soilers. I know nothing on this point, though I shall submit to any providence that shall bother the Whigs. D. Y.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINATI, September, 1854.

THE present summer has certainly been an unusually warm one, and some of our old citizens think it the warmest season, on the whole, ever known here. Our impressions, while suffering either from extreme cold or heat, are not always a correct criterion of the temperature, but I have little doubt that when the tables of the temperature for the summer are published, it will prove to have been the warmest season we have had for many years. Two of our citizens, Dr. Ray, of the Woodward High Scool, and Mr. John Lea, have for many years kept a daily record of the changes in the weather, and to their carefully compiled and reliable tables we are much indebted for a large amount of valuable information on this subject.

Our city through the summer has been remarkably healthy. There have been some cases of Cholera, chiefly among the foreign-born population, but no epidemic has existed, and not as much sickness as might have been expected in a city as large as this during such a warm summer. From all quarters we hear complaints of the very dry weather, and of the crops having suffered from it more or less—in some sections severely. In the Northern part of Ohio, much damage has been done to the wheat crop by the "weevil," in some Counties almost to its destruction, and in all parts of the State this and other crops have suffered from the drought; and yet, taking the State through, from what we hear, the crops, on the whole, will not fall much below the average. In Illinois and Michigan, from what we have heard, the drought has been greater, and the crops will fall far short of the usual amount. The *N. Y. Tribune* thinks the loss to the country from the short crops this season will amount to two millions of dollars. This is but an estimate, and a rough one too; we cannot but think things will turn out better than this. In the Western States, the increased quantity of land brought under cultivation each year helps to make up for deficiencies which may occur in a dry season in the quantity of the crops.

The Ohio River is now just about as low as it ever gets, so that none but the very smallest class of steamers are running, and they can carry no freight of any consequence. No one who visits our city from abroad at this season could form any idea, from the present aspect of the river, of the vast volume of water pouring along between its banks at the time of the spring floods, or of the amount of commerce carried on upon its bosom. The amount of water in the river at one of the high floods is estimated to be ten times what it is at this time. The low water which interrupts navigation for months every year on the Ohio will contribute greatly to the success both of the Mississippi and Covington and Louisville Railroads when completed. The *latter* has been stopped for a while, for want of funds; but arrangements have lately been made to push it on rapidly to completion. It will extend from Covington (opposite this place) to Louisville, and, being more direct and rapid than the river route will take much of the custom from the steamers.

The great St. Louis Rail Road was finished to Seymour, eighty miles west of Cincinnati, some two months since, and, Seymour being on the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis R. R., a connection is thus formed with Louisville, a Steam Ferry carrying passengers across the Ohio from Jeffersonville to the latter place. This Road is already running three trains a day to Louisville, and when completed to St. Louis, the whole line will do an immense business. No road leading from this city was more needed. The ice and low water in the Ohio makes the transportation of freight an uncertain thing for months every year, and a direct communication, twice in twelve hours, between Cincinnati and St. Louis, will be a great public convenience, both in regard to passengers and freight.

I see by the papers East and West that our Fire Engines and our paid Fire Department are attracting much attention. They are both worthy of it, as they have proved successful experiments, and the sooner other cities adopt these great improvements, the better for them. Especially does Philadelphia need an entirely new organization of her Fire Department, as the firemen's riots which have long disgraced that city are still common there. In this city, it has been found that the number of *false alarms* has been greatly diminished, the efficiency of the hand engines at fires increased, noise and confusion prevented, and the whole being under the command of a Chief Engineer, unity and concentration of action are secured. The *moral* effect, too, of the new system has been remarkable. All the firemen being selected by the engineers and under their control, subject to *removal for misconduct*, we see none of the *rowdyism* once so common among the young men and lads who hung around the engine houses, and led each other into idle and bad habits. Under the management of the Chief Engineer, Miles Greenwood, the system has worked admirably, and the several deputations which have vicited us from sister cities, for the express purpose of examining into the workings of our Department, have *all* expressed themselves highly gratified.

The Steam Fire Engines are a remarkable feature in our system. The first was an experiment, and is rather too heavy, but the second, built by contributions of our citizens, and called the "Citizens' Gift," is some 4000 pounds lighter, and embraces several improvements. The ingenious builders, Messrs. Shawk and Latta, are now constructing three more to fill orders from abroad, and one for this city, which are intended to be yet more light and efficient. One of these is for St. Louis, and one for Boston. The steam engines are drawn by horses, but while on their way to a fire steam is raised in five minutes, and in ten minutes from the instant an alarm has been given the steam engine has been at work pouring four streams of water on the fire. One of these engines will do as much as six hand machines.

Another feature in our system is the Fire Alarm Tower, erected on the roof of the Mechanics' Institute, a lofty edifice in a central location. In this tower a man is stationed constantly day and night, and by colored lights, red and blue, and a system of signals, conveys accurate intelligence to the various districts as to the location of a fire the moment it breaks out. Yours, P.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11, 1854.

WHAT a blessed thing this change in the weather is! Blessed, not only for the refreshment it brings to our good old mother Earth and her fainting children, but for so much that it signifies, symbolical as it is, and as all natural changes are, of higher and better things. Slavery, like a fiery sun, has been now, for more than two generations, parching and burning up the moral soil of this land. The drought has become fearful. Clouds have arisen again and again to cheer the sinking hearts of the husbandmen with the hope of reviving rains, but they have floated away, leaving only a scant blessing. The soil continues almost as hard and dry as ever. Nothing remains for the lovers of Freedom and Humanity but to take a cheering hint from last Sunday morning's abundant shower, extending as it did from Albany to Washington, and we know not how much farther. In like manner, at some unexpected moment, the wind, that has blown so long from the hot *Southern* quarter, shall veer suddenly round, bringing a floating ocean from the North or the East, laying the wretched pro-slavery dust which is blinding all men's eyes, and which has crept with its defilement into every nook and corner, into the closets of the devout, and the pulpits of the churches, and the *studies* of the clergy, covering with a thick veil the sacred pages of the open Bible, so that the Eternal Law of Justice, written so plainly that he who runs may read, and 'read while he is running,' has ceased to be legible there. Yes, in the good Providence which never leaves us without witness of itself, the glorious change may come in a moment, and in the twinkling of an eye the pro-slavery thermometer shall give impressive indications of its advent. In the meanwhile, let those who are waiting for the great Harvest, which it takes centuries to ripen, let them keep *their* fires burning. For, rest assured, dear Editors, there is truth in Mr. Espy's theory. Under conditions, fires kindled on the earth create rain in the sky. How many of the battles, that we have read of, were cut short by sudden and copious showers! How often does it seem as if the heavenly powers, looking down upon the fight, and being stunned with the roar of our human artillery, bethought themselves: "The little spitfires! They are getting quite too hot. They must be separated like fighting dogs." And so down has come the rain, with the glare of lightning and the crash of thunder. For this last blessed storm, this deluging rain, which has swept our streets so clean, and left us pure air to breathe in, who knows how much we are indebted to the fire in the mountains. So, then, let Abolitionists watch their fires. Freedom, Emancipation, will take them by surprise, and appear at unlooked-for moments, and in unexpected quarters. The rain does not always descend precisely upon the spot where the fire is kindled. Mark the curious fact now presented in the Old World. We have all been straining our eyes, expecting to see the great Question of Humanity emerging from out of the diplomatic entanglements and bristling armaments of the Eastern Question. We have been confident it was there; but as yet Kings only, not Peoples, have appeared on the Oriental stage. The only spark of the popular cause that appears at this moment is visible, of all places on earth, in poor, bigoted, priest-ridden Spain. It may be, it probably is, only a spark. Nevertheless, Madrid alone, the very centre and citadel, as we have so long supposed, of priestly and royal power, is the only capital in Europe that hears the popular cry. It would be strange if the regeneration of Europe were to begin there. And yet not so strange after all; for what is more common than that the calculations of human wisdom should be utterly at fault.

But I am rambling. And what else could your correspondents do? The remembrance and the effect of the late intense heat is still on me, and perspiration, although it may be produced (in an opponent) by logic, is not in return favourable to a logical sequence of ideas. Give us cool and cold weather, and then we will cut you out thoughts as smooth and clear as blocks of ice, but at present, although much refreshed, we are not yet entirely cooled off, or, at least, we are too much occupied with the refreshing change of the weather, to be ready for an argument with a beginning, middle, and end.

What a difficult thing it is to keep the cat in the bag! Here we have been all summer at a loss to know how things were going on in the Orient, such conflicting accounts have come to us of Russian and Turkish victories and defeats. No sensible person could believe a word of them. Of course our sympathies are with the Turks, and we have all along been disposed to believe in the tidings of their "brilliant" achievements. But we have had our misgivings. Now, at last, comes a gleam of truth, and we are satisfied that the Russians have been getting the worst of it. The Russian account of the victory obtained over Selim Pasha in the battle of Ozurghetti lets the cat out of the bag. "In te, Domine, speravi," it concludes, "*non confundar in eternum*"—which, being interpreted, means: "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, *I shall not always be beaten.*" A plain confession of previous defeats.

We advise our readers: Watch for the cat. Many worthy people doubtless have been dismayed, appalled, at the ferocious resolutions of the slaveholders who are for ejecting non-slaveholding immigrants from Kansas. But we have only to look sharp to catch sight of the cat's tail as she leaps out of the bag. We may hear her mew in the blood and thunder tone of those very resolutions. They may frighten the timid and the thoughtless, but they betray the fears of the advocates of slavery. As if slavery could do anything but bluster and bully! In a rivalry which demands personal energy and enterprise, Freedom and the North must of necessity gain the advantage. So far are we from questioning the ability of the Free Eastern States to colonize the territories with free men and free labour, that we go for incorporating companies to colonize some of the old slave States, such as South Carolina, in the same way. Let the North take up this matter in earnest, and it will be the next best thing to Wendell Phillips's plan of anchoring his end of the ship Massachusetts. Fasten the old Bay State to Plymouth Rock; and while she nullifies all Slave laws, send industrious people, principled against the use of slave labour, to the other end of the ship, and by and by, we shall get all working in harmony.

Yours, truly, P. C.

New Publications.

OFF-HAND TAKINGS; OR, CRAYON SKETCHES OF THE NOTICEABLE MEN OF OUR AGE. By George W. Bungay. Embellished with 20 Portraits on steel. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

The personal sketches embraced in this volume, if not in every case as perfect as could be desired, are certainly genial and life-like. So far as our own acquaintance and observation enable us to judge of their merits, we do not hesitate to pronounce them, in their main features, highly successful. The author is evidently quite a genius in his way. He has a discriminating eye, a vivid imagination, a genial and philanthropic spirit, and a command of language which enables him to describe what he sees in words as perspicuous as they are just.

The Sketches are seventy-four in number, of which the following are among the most prominent subjects:

Daniel Webster,	John Pierpont,
Henry Clay,	Horace Greeley,
E. H. Chapin,	Theodore Parker,
W. H. Seward,	Neal Dow,
Edward Everett,	Charles Sumner,
John P. Hale,	Wendell Phillips,
C. C. Burleigh,	Elihu Burritt,
H. W. Beecher,	W. C. Bryant,
R. W. Emerson,	Gerrit Smith,
J. G. Whittier,	T. H. Benton,
Washington Irving,	S. A. Douglas,
Horace Mann,	J. R. Lowell,
N. Hawthorne,	John Mitchel.

There are steel portraits (most of them very good) of Everett, Chapin, Seward, Hale, Beecher, John Van Buren, Greeley, Neal Dow, Bryant, Gerrit Smith, Benton, S. A. Douglas, and others.

It strikes us as singular that, in a collection of sketches of "the Noticeable Men of our Age," the pioneer of the great movement by which that age is chiefly distinguished should not be thought worthy of a niche. The omission is all the more wonderful in view of the strong anti-slavery opinions which the author is known to entertain, and which, indeed, he makes no effort to conceal.

The volume closes with a sketch of John Mitchel, of which the following is the concluding paragraph.

"I am indebted to one of Mr. Mitchel's personal friends for the above graphic and beautiful sketch. It must have been written before the gifted patriot sacrificed himself on the altar of slavery. John Mitchel, in Ireland, was a republican, a hero, and a patriot. Had he died there, or in the land of his banishment, he would have been honoured as a martyr to liberty; but he unfortunately came to America, and in a fit of passion wrote an infamous paragraph, which went like a dagger into the very heart of freedom. Being too proud or too obstinate to retract, the indignation of the people of this country came down upon him like an avalanche. I cannot allow the above to appear in the pages of my book without uttering a protest against his views of American slavery."

PERISCOPICS; OR, CURRENT SUBJECTS EXTEMPORANEOUSLY TREATED. By William Elder. Pp. 408. New York: J. C. Derby.

This volume is composed of selections from the author's contributions to the periodical literature of the last seven years, distributed under the following heads:

1. CHARACTERS AND TALES.—114 pp.
2. SLASHY.—52 pp.
3. FANCY.—80 pp.
4. POLITICO-ECONOMICAL.—94 pp.
5. RELIGIOUS.—68 pp.

The Tales are five in number, the graphic and well-remembered sketch of Gen. Ogle, first published in *Putnam*, taking the lead. This portion of the volume will be more attractive than any other to the mass of readers. Under the other heads a great variety of topics are discussed with the piquant sharpness, vigour and brevity which are indispensable to success in the editorial profession. On almost every page there is some gem of thought, or coruscation of wit, to keep the attention of the reader awake, and serve as a pleasant condiment for the grave truths which the writer seeks to illustrate and enforce. The book belongs to a class which is in its nature temporary and evanescent, but it is one of the best of its sort, and will be cordially welcomed by the author's numerous friends and admirers.

RELIGION OF THE NORTHMEN; by RUDOLPH KEYSER, Professor of History in the University of Norway. Translated by BARCLAY PENNOCK. New York: Charles B. Norton. Pp. 346.

This volume (which but for an oversight would have been noticed before) is a translation, by a competent and pains-taking scholar, of a work which cannot fail to interest all those who desire to become acquainted with the religious history of the various tribes and nations of mankind. The introductory Chapters of the translator bear the following titles: "The Restoration of Icelandic Literature"; "The Eddas and Saggas of Iceland;" "The discovery of America by the Northmen." These are a valuable addition to the original work—indispensable indeed to a clear understanding of Prof. Keyser's Discourses. Mr. Pennock intimates that if this work shall be favourably received by his countrymen, he will feel encouraged to make still further researches in the same field. The lovers of Scandinavian lore will no doubt appreciate his labours and award him the tribute due to patient and laborious scholarship, employed upon a subject of great historic and religious interest.

FRUITS AND FARINACEA THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN; being an attempt to prove, from History, Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, that the Original, Natural, and Best Diet of Man is derived from the Vegetable Kingdom. By JOHN SMITH. With Notes and Illustrations, by R. T. TRALL, M. D. From the second London edition. New York: Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway.

The object of this work is so clearly presented in its somewhat cumbrous title as to remove all necessity for further explanation. It will be enough to say that it is the best popular treatise in defence of Vegetarianism that has yet been published. The friends of that theory regard it as unanswerable. The subject is one whose importance cannot well be overrated. It is one upon which the scientific world is at present much divided in opinion. Works like this, whether sound or not, will stimulate inquiry and investigation, and thereby contribute something to the world's enlightenment. We believe the doctrines of the Vegetarians are rapidly spreading in this country. If the arguments in their favour can be refuted, they surely ought to be.

MISS WATKINS'S POEMS.—We have received a small pamphlet, issued from the *Liberator* press in Boston, entitled "Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects, by Frances Ellen Watkins," with a Preface by WM. LLOYD GARRISON. Miss Watkins is the daughter of the man who wrote so ably many years ago over the signature of "A Coloured Baltimorean." Mr. Garrison says:

"In reviewing the following Poems, the critic will remember that they are written by one young in years, and identified in complexion and destiny with a depressed and outcast race, and who has had to contend with a thousand disadvantages from earliest life. They certainly are very creditable to her, both in a literary and moral point of view, and indicate the possession of a talent which, if carefully cultivated, and properly encouraged, cannot fail to secure for herself a poetic reputation, and to deepen the interest already so extensively felt in the liberation and enfranchisement of the entire coloured race. Though Miss Watkins has never been a slave, she has always resided in a slave State—Baltimore being her native city. A specimen of her prose writings is also appended. A few slight alterations excepted, the work is entirely her own."

The pamphlet may be had at the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia. We trust the friends of freedom will evince their interest in the writer by giving it a wide circulation.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—We have received from Partridge and Brittan, 300 Broadway, a pamphlet entitled "A Review of Dr. Dods's Involuntary Theory of Spiritual Manifestations. By W. S. Courtney." That theory is very plausible in the eyes of many, but the friends of "Spiritualism" believe that this writer has utterly demolished it. We commend the pamphlet to all who are in doubt as to the origin of the phenomena purporting to be caused by departed spirits.

MRS. DOUGLASS'S NARRATIVE.—John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, have published, in a neat pamphlet of 65 pages, the Personal Narrative of Mrs. Margaret Douglass, a Southern woman, who was imprisoned for one month in the common jail of Norfolk, under the laws of Virginia, for the crime (!!) of teaching free coloured children to read. We are requested to state that the pamphlet may be had at the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS—*American Reprint*—for September. New York: T. L. McElrath and Co. We need not repeat what we have so often said of this invaluable publication. The present number is no less interesting than its predecessors. The American publishers deserve encouragement.

A COLOURED PHYSICIAN.—We copy the following from the Boston correspondence of the *Independent*:

"I think you will cheerfully insert some facts in regard to Dr. De Grasse, a coloured physician of this city, lately admitted in due form a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. It is the first instance of such honour being conferred upon a coloured man in this State, at least, and probably in the country; and therefore it deserves particular notice, both because the means by which he has reached this distinction are creditable to his own intelligence and perseverance, and because others of his class may be stimulated to seek an elevation which has hitherto been supposed unattainable by men of colour. The Dr. is a native of New York City, where he was born June, 1825, and where he spent his time in private and public schools till 1840. He then entered the Oneida Institute, Beriah Green, President, and spent one year; but as Latin was not taught there, he left and entered the Clinton Seminary, where he remained two years, intending to enter college in the fall of 1843. He was turned from this purpose, however, by the persuasions of a friend in France; and after spending two years in a college in that country, he returned to New York in Nov., 1845, and commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Samuel R. Childs, of that city. There he spent two years in patient and diligent study, and then two more in attending the medical lectures of Bowdoin College, Me. Leaving that institution with honour in May, 1849, he went again to Europe in the autumn of that year, and spent considerable time in the hospitals of Paris, travelling at intervals through parts of France, England, Italy, and Switzerland. Returning home in the ship "Samuel Fox" in the capacity of surgeon, he was married in August, 1852, and since that time he has practiced medicine in this city. Earning a good reputation here by his diligence and skill, he was admitted a member of the Medical Society, as above stated, on the 23d of last month. Many of our most respectable physicians visit and advise with him whenever counsel is required. The Boston medical profession, it must be acknowledged, has done itself honour in thus discarding the law of caste, and generously acknowledging real merit without regard to the hue of the skin. And the facts here stated may suggest to coloured young men that, by making the most of their talents and opportunities, they may rise superior to circumstances, compel respect and confidence, and fill stations of honour and eminence much oftener than they have done, or perhaps have thought it possible to do."

A LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH, in reply to certain intterrogatories by Frederick Douglass, will be found in our present issue. His opinions of men and parties in our present corrupt Congress will be interesting to our readers. The only thing in the letter that we regret to see is the tone of sadness that pervades it. It may be natural for him to look on the dark side of the question, but we cannot help suspecting that his too great reliance upon the efficacy of political arrangements for the abolition of slavery has had a tendency to create disappointment and despondency in his mind. We do not suppose that Mr. Smith's relations to politics have made *him* any less zealous, or less faithful, in the use of moral means for the overthrow of slavery; but that the anti-slavery political *party* movements, from 1840 to the present time, have had such an effect upon the great mass of those engaged in them, we entertain do doubt. Indeed, it is our fixed belief that the money which it has cost to create and keep in motion the machinery of anti-slavery political parties, if it had been expended in the use of moral means alone, would have accomplished ten-fold more for the cause. But we intended only to commend Mr. Smith's letter to the attention of our readers—not to criticise his course or that of others.

THE *New Bedford Mercury*, of a recent date, says: "Mr. and Mrs. Foster, agents of the Massachusetts [American] Anti-Slavery Society, have been in this city for several days, and have so licited subscriptions with marked success. Up to yesterday, over $700 had been succsbred." Time was when the appearance of those faithful agents in New Bedford for such a purpose, if deemed worthy of notice at all, would have called forth the ridicule and denunciation of the conservative press. The world moves.

DOUGLAS REPUDIATED AT HOME.—We have copied from the *Tribune* what seems to be a fair account of the circumstances attending the efforts of Senator Douglas to procure an endorsement of his treachery by the people of Chicago. It is by no means strange that the people were excited and impatient under his insults, but we are sorry they did not permit him to finish his speech before administering the rebuke he so richly deserved.

THE CHOLERA has been making great ravages at Columbia, Pa. It is supposed that the disease was caused by parties who carried sheep on the railroad having thrown their bodies into the reservoir after they had died. The water being drawn off, the putrid bodies were found. Up to the 12th instant the number of deaths was 78.

HENRY WARD BEECHER delivered an eloquent and powerful address before the Society for Missionary Inquiry of Brown University, in Providence, on the 5th instant.

MRS. BENTON, wife of Hon. Thomas H. Benton, died, a few days since, in Washington. Col. B. was passionately devoted to her, and her death is a great blow to him.

Summary.

It is said that the Appletons have paid in hand, to Mr. Benton, fifty thousand dollars, for the copyright of his "Thirty Years in the United States Senate."

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio and the adjacent States has passed a resolution not to admit to church membership any person belonging to secret societies.

One of the most amusing incidents of the late excursion to Rock Island is thus related by the Utica *Telegraph*. A gentleman in the wash-room said to the captain of the boat, "Can't you give me a clean towel, captain?" "No," said the captain, "more than fifty persons have used that towel there, and you are the first one that's said a word against it."

QUEER BLUE NOSES.—There lives at Grand Lake, New Brunswick, a man ninety-six years of age, who reads the newspapers printed on the finest type, and is waited upon by a great-great-grand-daughter eighteen years of age, who is but three feet and three-fourths of an inch tall. He has a grand-daughter who is four feet eight inches high, but who weighs two hundred and eighty-six lbs. She cannot stand upon her feet more than 30 minutes at one time.

MILLERISM AND THE BURNING FORESTS.—Private accounts from Maine state that in the vicinity of some of the burning forests quite a number of persons, chiefly females, have become insane, in consequence of excitement, the result of a belief that the general conflagration in the woods there is a sign of the speedy ending of the world in accordance with the prediction of the Millerites. Some of them have been taken to the State Asylum.—*Boston Traveller.*

NEW MODE OF EMIGRATION.—The *Columbus Statesman and Democrat* of Saturday says: A novel mode of emigration was witnessed by many of our citizens a day or two since. A man northward bound passed along High street, drawing a small willow basket, in which was seated a little boy about five years of age. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that he had travelled in this manner all the way from Virginia, where he had formerly resided; and that his destination was Detroit, which he designed to reach by the same mode of travel.

The *South Carolinian* says that in some parts of that State *Harper* has been dropped by its patrons, and that in Montgomery, Alabama, the booksellers have packed up and returned the September number of *Putnam*, all on account of articles on the Nebraska question. No great loss, we fancy. Probably there are more of those magazines sold on the New York Central Railroad cars alone than are taken by all the slave-drivers of the Union.—*Tribune.*

The *Journal of Commerce* piously compares the mob at Chicago, which refused to hear Mr. Douglas, to the fanatics of an ancient city, who drowned the voice of the apostle with the shout of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We will not dispute the scriptural authority of the *Journal of Commerce*, nor deny the similarity between the gospel of Christianity and the measure for extending slavery over a free territory, in violation of a solemn engagement; but we may be permitted, in an ungodly sort of way, to suggest that "Steve" makes a pretty hard St. Paul.—*Providence Journal.*

We yesterday had occasion to state that parts of an editorial article in *Harper's Magazine* for August had been approved by the friends of slave-driving at the South; it is but fair to say, in addition, that we have since received the *Charleston Mercury*, of Aug. 29, which informs the world that in that article "borne on the Nebraska storm, the raven of fanaticism invaded Harper's graceful columns, and croaked in dismal notes the old maledictions and falsehoods of Abolition." The truth seems to be that our negro-flogging friends are very hard to suit, and that nothing short of adoring their peculiar institution will satisfy their sensibilities at all.—*Tribune.*

The Baltimore *Patriot* makes the reduction in the size of the *Tribune* the text for an animated discourse, in which it shows that New York has been ruined because we resist the extension of slavery and don't like the flogging of women and children. Our opposition to these little amusements has frightened southern merchants from New York, and hence all the rest of the trouble. We believe the *Patriot* is slightly mistaken. Southern merchants do indeed keep away from New York for the reason that they *can't pay their debts*; there is no doubt that if the jobbers of this city had not trusted southern traders for the past three years, they would be a great deal better off than they are.—*Tribune.*

The charge is distinctly made that the confidential friends of the President, a member of the cabinet, his private secretary and others, are interested in a speculation, the interest of which demanded the destruction of Greytown. We can believe almost anything of the administration, but we think there must be a mistake about this. The charge has been made in such a way that it must be denied, or it will be credited. If it is true, it makes the only conceivable addition to the turpitude of the Greytown affair, which, as it stood originally, was about as full of wickedness as it could hold. If to the cowardice, the injustice and the atrocity of this affair be added private cupidity, it is what the brokers call "a flush concern." There is no room for anything more.—*Providence Journal.*

A RIGHTEOUS MOVEMENT.—It is stated that fifty brothels have been broken up in Philadelphia, and over *fifty-five* persons arrested, all of whom (save one Vandausen, who jumped from the third story window, and escaped by lighting upon an awning, which broke his fall) were captured. A motley crew they proved to be. Gay young men about town, gray-headed veterans, shop-keepers, mechanics, sailors, decent-appearing strangers, blacklegs and loafers, appeared before the Mayor, ranged on one side of the dock—their names blazoned in every paper—while on the other, the frail creatures, impudent, reckless and full of bold effrontery, evincing an utter disregard, even in that place, for common decency. The ages of the latter ranged between fifteen and sixty. The authorities of Philadelphia are resolved to break up these brothels if they can, and to spare no man, rich or not, who is found in them.

THE EMIGRATION COMPANY.—The departure of the second Kansas company from this city, on Tuesday last, was an imposive affair, if we consider their number and character, their objects, and the results of their mission. Just before taking the cars they assembled in the ladies' room of the Worcester depot to the number of sixty-seven, besides children, and sung two appropriate hymns, patriotic and religious; and having exchanged salutations with many friends, they seated themselves in the cars, and went off under a shower of benedictions. Such scenes leave impressions behind, and kindle afresh the emigration fever. There is but one bad feature about it. New England is losing a portion of her sturdiest and best population at the same time that a corrupt foreign emigration is coming in to control her elections and assail her institutions. But perhaps a system of depletion may counteract some maladies more native than foreign, and save us at least from self-destruction.—*Boston Cor. Independent.*

NORTHERN OPERATIVES FOR A SOUTHERN COTTON MILL.—We were not a little surprised to find in the report of the steamer Knoxville, which reached here yesterday from New York, 72 steerage passengers. The arrival of such a number at this season of the year is altogether unusual; and considering the exposure of this class of persons to disease, and their necessitous circumstances, we could but lament their presence. All mystery, however, and regret, were very soon dispelled by the intelligence that they are operatives engaged for the Augusta cotton factories, who go directly to their destination. We understand that they left in the cars last night. We are informed that the New York agents of the New York and Savannah Steamship Company have been directed not to afford steerage passage to persons wishing to come to this place, so long as our present epidemic shall prevail here.—*Savannah Georgian, Aug.* 29.

EMIGRATION OF COLOURED PEOPLE.—A Convention of the coloured men of the United States and Canada, who are in favour of emigration to another country and the founding of a State of their own, was held at Cleveland last week. About 140 delegates were present, and Rev. Wm. Munroe, of Michigan, presided. Some discussion took place upon the prominent objects of the Convention, and reports embodying facts and sentiments relating thereto were read. A report on the "Political Destiny of the Coloured People" was read. The report recommended Central America or the West Indies as places to which to emigrate. Canada was set aside, on account of the majority there being white—and the probability of Canada being annexed to the United States. It was, however, recommended to purchase land, &c., as it would for the present afford a retreat for the fugitive. Central America was regarded as offering the greatest advantages, as a permanent home, to the coloured race, on this continent.

MARRIED.

HARPER—PHILIPS.—On the 5th inst., by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of R. T. Conrad, Mayor, Samuel Harper, of Chester Co., to Sarah F. Philips, of this city.

Acknowledgments, from August 1 to Sept. 1.

FOR STANDARD.

766	Mrs. O. Thomas, Belfast, New York,	1 00
792	Mrs. Lucy Ann Wood, Belfast, N. Y.,	2 00
792	Stephen Atherton, "	2 00
792	Thomas L. Smith, Wellsville, "	2 00
751	T. J. Mumford, Detroit, Mich.	2 00
783	Mrs. Sarah A. Allen, Boston, Mass.,	2 00
789	George H. Havens, Moriah, N. Y.,	2 00
780	Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.,	2 00
772	Phebe H. Jones, Troy, N. Y.,	2 00
798	H. Ryland Warriner, Deerfield, Mass.,	2 00
776	Wm. MacDougal, Oswego, Pa.,	2 00
793	H. W. Wolcot, Eatontown, N. J.,	2 00
793	Charles F. Hovey, Gloucester, Mass.,	2 00
781	Francis Jackson, Boston,	2 00
780	Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, "	2 00
780	Benj. Barney, Weedsport, New York,	2 00
764	Jesse Owen, Walnut Creek, Ind.,	2 00
718	Charles Atkinson, " "	2 00
746	Edwin Wilmarth, Greenwich, N. Y.,	3 00
766	Charles Collins, Wellsville, "	1 00
793	Daniel Warner, Woodstock, Vt.,	2 00
793	Blake Wales, Liberty, N. Y.,	2 00
784	John W. Champlin, N. Y. City.	2 00
734	Joseph A. Allen, Syracuse, N. Y.,	2 00
834	Fanny Smith, Peterborough, N. H.,	2 00
846	A. E. Woodley, Lynn, Mass.,	5 00
729	L. Bache, Wellsboro', Pa.,	5 00
146	Royal Abbott, Brookfield, Vt.,	1 00
768	Lydia Ann Wilbur, Swansey, Mass.,	2 00
742	David Spalding, Borodino, N. Y.,	4 31
795	H. G. O. Blake, Worcester, Mass.,	2 00
782	Abraham Firth, Clappville, "	2 00
796	Eliza M. Bartlett, North New Portland Me.,	2 00
		$72 31

DONATIONS.

S. J. Dorrance, Newark, N. J. (pledge),		5 00
Mrs. Phebe Richmond, Harlemville, N. Y., by A. M. Powell,		5 00
Francis Jackson, Boston, Mass.,		200 00
Total,		$282 31

Special Notices.

☞ A CARD.—The Post-Office address of Theodore D. Weld, Angelina G. Weld and Sarah M. Grimke, will be hereafter Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

☞ MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Anniversary of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Adrian, commencing on the 14th of October. It will continue two or three days. Further announcements will be made hereafter.

☞ HARVEST HOME MAINE LAW MASS MEETING!—A Grand Mass Meeting of the advocates of the Maine Law, without distinction of party, will be held in GAUSE'S WOODS, near Kennett Square, on Saturday and Sunday, September the 23d and 24th, to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The services of the following distinguished speakers have been procured: GEN. S. F. CARY, of Ohio, and WM. H. VAN WAGNER. Letters have been received from them stating that they will be with us. Letters of invitation have been sent to the following able advocates of the cause, viz.: Rev. Marcus E. Cross, and Nathan Stetson, of Delaware County; B. Rush Plumly, of Philadelphia; Rev. Wm. E. Moore, West Chester; Rev. J. Perry Hall, of Chester County; Charles De Wolf, of New Hampshire; J. F. Heyward, Mayor of Wilmington, and Rev. J. L. Kilgore.

A Temperance Glee Club from Wilmington will enliven the meeting with music appropriate to the occasion.

By order of the Maine Law Committee.

☞ ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT LINESVILLE.—An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at LINESVILLE, Crawford Co., Pa., commencing on Friday, the 29th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the Baptist Meeting-House.

Our motto is that of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—"No Union with Slaveholders"—but we invite to join with us in our Convention, *all* true lovers of liberty, of every name, sect and complexion, and those who accept the invitation will be welcomed to our *free* platform.

We hope that Erie, Mercer, and other counties in Western Pennsylvania, Ashtabula, Trumbull, and others in Ohio, will be strongly represented, and that *all* will come who can, and confer together and adopt such measures as will speedily destroy those influences, in both Church and State, which now sport and riot upon the broken hearts and crushed hopes of the millions of slaves in the country.

Competent speakers will be present to address the Convention, whose names will be announced in due time.

☞ JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.—The Third Anniversary is at hand of that enterprise which, in the future history of our country, will be commemorated as not less magnanimous in the spirit which prompted it, nor less beneficent in its effects upon the subsequent welfare of our nation, than the destruction of the Tea in the Harbour of Boston in 1775.

On the 1st of October, 1851, an attempt was made, in the city of Syracuse, to ENSLAVE a man, under the sanction of the infernal Fugitive Slave Act of March 7th, 1850. The people of the city and of the county rose with almost one accord, and rescued him from the hands of his official kidnappers, animated by that faith which was taught by the fathers of the American Revolution, "*that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.*"

All ye, men and women of every religious and political name, of this County, State and Nation, who abhor slavery, who have respect for the inalienable rights of man, and who would redeem our republic from the dominion of a most unscrupulous oligarchy of Slaveholders, come, if you can, and rejoice together with the Rescuers of Jerry in the achievement of the day to be

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WEEDER.

"The servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—Job.

"The morn is past, and yet the weeds are thick,
And the fierce August sun pours on me burningly.
O God!" she said, "send, send that shadow quick,
Which I desire so yearningly.

"For me the heat and burden of the day,
And a stern master who doth show no lenity;
For him rich pleasure-lands stretch far away,
With groves of cool serenity.

"Above his meadows, into golden air,
The rounded knoll uplifts its green protuberance,
And ripening harvests wave and toss their hair,
In golden-tressed exuberance.

"There are cool woodlands, in whose dusk arcades
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;
No heat wins there, but, in the silent glades,
The silent dews hang tremulous.

"There the tall tulip crests the glorious scene,
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces;
And its strong arms, like priests in ferial green,
Lift up their golden chalices.

"Through the thick leaves the tempered sunbeams sift,
And pleasant shades are o'er the sward distributed;
There worms may crawl; there thistle-down may drift,
And I—I am prohibited.

"I faint with toil; yet keep my faith to all,
Though none save God regardeth me observantly.
Father!" she cried, "when will that shadow fall,
For which I pine so fervently?"

Then came a shadow; but 'twas icy cold,
As of some swart, dread angel o'er her hovering;
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,
And wrapped her in its covering.

Chill though it was, she hailed it with a smile;
And, worn by years and grief and long infirmity,
Lay down beneath it, slept a little while,
And wakened in eternity.

—*Putnam's Magazine for Sept.*

LADY HAMILTON'S YOUTH AND FORTUNES.

Her only name was Emma, for her father remained always unknown. She was one of the children of love, of crime, of mystery, whom nature delights to overwhelm with gifts in compensation for the loss of hereditary claims. Her mother was a poor farmer's servant in the county of Chester. Whether she had lost her husband by death, or, like Hagar, had been abandoned by her seducer, she arrived, unknown and reduced to beggary, at a village in Wales, the Switzerland of England. She carried in her arms a female infant of a few months old. The beauty of both attracted the simple mountaineers of the village of Hawarden; the stranger picked up a livelihood by working for the farmers and gleaning in the fields. The marked and noble features of the child served to propagate the rumour that her birth was illustrious and mysterious; she was said to be a daughter of Lord Halifax. Nothing afterwards, either in her fortune or education, gave colour to the report. At the age of twelve she was received in a neighbouring family as children's servant. The frequent visits of her master and mistress to London, where they resided in the house of their relative, the celebrated engraver, Boydell, gave her the first idea of the impression her figure produced on the crowd in public places, and a vague presentiment of the high fortune to which her beauty would exalt her. At sixteen she made her escape from Hawarden, a field too obscure and circumscribed for her expanded dreams, and engaged herself in the household of a respectable tradesman in London. A lady of superior rank, struck by her appearance in the shop, elevated her to a higher position of servitude. Almost without employment in an opulent family, Emma gave herself up to the perusal of those lacinating romances which create an imaginary world for the love or ambition of youthful minds; she frequented the theatres, and imbibed there the first inspirations of the genius of dramatic expression, of action, and attitude, which she embodied afterwards in a new art, when she became the animated statue of beauty and passion. Being discharged by her mistress for some household negligence, her growing taste for the theatre induced her to seek a situation in the family of one of the managers. The irregularity and freedom of that establishment, the constant intercourse with actors, musicians, and dancers, initiated her in the subordinate mechanism of the dramatic art. She was then in the flower of her youth, and the full perfection of her beauty. Her tall and elegant figure equalled in natural grace the studied attitudes of the most practised figurants. Her voice was soft, mellow, and capable of expressing deep tragic emotion. Her countenance, endowed with susceptibility as delicate and varying as the first feelings of a virgin mind, was, at the same time, pensive and dazzling. All who saw her at that period of her life agreed in describing her as a resuscitation of Psyche. Purity of soul, transparent through elegance of feature, surrounded her, even in her dependent position, with a respect which admiration dared not overleap. She spread fire without being entangled in the flame herself; her innocence found a safeguard even in the excess of her beauty. Her first fall was not a descent to vice, but a gliding into impudence arising from a yielding nature. A young countryman, in the village of Hawarden, son of the farmer who had first given an asylum to her mother, was seized by a press-gang, and carried in fetters to the fleet at anchor in the Thames. Emma, at the entreaty of the prisoner's sister, accompanied her to the captain of the ship to implore the liberation of her brother. Won by the beauty of the fair suppliant, he listened to her prayers and tears, removed her from her low though honest station, overwhelmed her with shameful luxury, furnished a house for her, supplied her with masters in every ornamental accomplishment, boastfully displayed his conquest in public, and left her, when the squadron sailed, exposed without safeguard to new seductions. One of his friends, bearing a noble name, and possessed of a large fortune, carried off the faithless Emma to an estate in the country, treated her as his wife, made her the queen of hunting parties, fetes, and balls; and, finally, growing tired of her at the end of the season, left her in London, at the mercy of chance, necessity, and crime. Thrown back from this golden cloud on the hard pavement of the metropolis, and depreciated in the eyes of her former protectors by the publicity of her adventures, Emma was received by night, and in rags, under the care of one of those infamous procuresses who carry on the trade of seduction. Accident alone preserved her from infamy. The woman who had given her shelter, struck by her natural grace and modesty of her demeanour, and astonished at her overwhelming charms, introduced her as a natural miracle to a celebrated physician, eminent for his admiration of female beauty. This was the well-known Dr. Graham (the inventor of the celestial bed), a voluptuous and mystical quack, who professed to worship and to possess some profound intelligences respecting the secrets of nature, by which means he had acquired a suspicious and fantastic reputation. Dr. Graham loudly expressed his admiration at the sight of the young orphan, and liberally rewarded her introducer. He received her into his own house, publicly advertised that he possessed a rare example of the efficacy of his specifics to produce the perfections of life, beauty, and health, in a human being; and called upon the incredulous to come and convince themselves by looking on an animated image of the goddess Hygeia. At this appeal addressed to licentiousness rather than science, the disciples of Graham crowded mysteriously to his amphitheatre. The unfortunate victim of her own charms appeared clothed in transparent garments, the costume of a divinity; her covering scarcely concealed her blushes. The pride of the physician, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, burst forth in loud acclamations. Painting and statuary had never before presented ideal form and colouring equal to this example of living nature. Painters and sculptors vied in rivalry to copy from this divine original. Amongst them, Romney, one of the leading artists of the day, produced many duplicates of the same lovely countenance. He painted the fair Emma, as the goddesses of the heathen mythology, and under the attributes of the leading heroines of poetry and the drama. These portraits, being engraved, multiplied throughout Europe the features of the unknown beauty. Romney, like Apelles, subdued by Campaspe, became enamoured of his model, and carried her off from Graham as an exhaustless treasure of art and fortune. He sold for their weight in gold her portraits, either as the sorceress Circe, or as Innocence holding a sensitive plant, and astonished at the motion of the flower. This anonymous publicity at the same time protected her modesty. The produce of her *attitudes*, which she received from Graham and Romney, enabled her to live in London in the shadow of respectable retirement. The celebrated Madame Lebrun, artist in ordinary to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, painted her at this time as a Bacchante, and carried her features over to France. A young Englishman, of the illustrious house of Warwick, Mr. Greville, nephew to Sir William Hamilton, ambassador at Naples, discovered Emma in this obscurity. Passion made him believe in her virtue; he loved, and endeavoured to seduce her. Whether she really desired to redeem the errors of her early life, or preferred an honourable name to a large fortune, she steadily resisted his solicitations, and was only won by a promise of marriage as soon as the consent of his family could be conquered by perseverance. They lived as man and wife during several years. Three children followed this secret union, and nothing for a time disturbed their happiness. Emma, always grateful and warm-hearted, even at the expense of pride, sent for her indigent mother to reside with her, and treated her with respect and kindness, in spite of her servile condition. In 1789, after this interval of domestic happiness, constantly interrupted by the remonstrances of his relations, Greville, deprived of his salaries of office, and pressed by accumulated debt, hesitated between the necessity and sorrow of casting off the woman he considered as his wife. Their mutual grief at the prospect of separation poisoned the last days of their intercourse. At this crisis, Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton, arrived in London. He was unmarried, master of a large fortune, and intended his nephew for his heir. But his aristocratic consequence revolted from the idea of acknowledging, as his grand-nephews, the children of a prostitute. He refused either to consent to the marriage of Greville, or to pay his debts; the nephew saw no recourse but in the intercession of his mistress. Emma, at his suggestion, attired herself in the garb of her infancy, and, in a stuff gown and straw hat, waited upon his uncle. She threw herself at his feet, confessed her fault, shed tears as persuasive as they were genuine, appealed to the tender pledges of her love, and besought Sir William to pardon the father and mother for the sake of the unfortunate children. Her triumph was more signal than she anticipated. The old man, fascinated by features and accents which surpassed all he had ever looked on or listened to, either in the classic master-piece of Athenian statuary, or on the voluptuous boards of the Italian opera-houses, yielded to the seduction which had enchained his nephew. The same love which he had refused to understand, revenged itself by reducing him to the thraldom of Greville. The beauty of Emma overpowered him, and, like one seized by sudden madness, he forgot, after two or three interviews, his age, his rank, his repugnance to matrimony, her obscure birth, and irregular life, the mutual affection long subsisting between her and her paramour, the living pledges of their love, the scandal and infamy of a traffic in female charms; and, finally, purchased the possession of the venal beauty by the discharge of his nephews embarrassments. They were privately married in London, and Sir William hastened back to Naples with his prize, leaving his union undeclared. Her beauty dazzled Italy as it had previously fascinated England. But the knowledge of her avocation as a model, which could not be concealed, and a rumour of the shameless bargain between the uncle and nephew, preceded her to Naples. The ambassador, to stifle these reports, and reëstablish his idol, was compelled to the ceremony of a public marriage. Scandal disappeared before the rank and resistless charms of the young ambassadress. She was presented at court, and at the first glance won the admiration and enthusiastic attachment of the Queen.—*From "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," by Alphonse De Lamaltine.*

BACK WAYS TO FAME.

The gentleman who writes himself on the titlepage to his books—

F.A.S., F.B.S., F.C.S., F.D.S., F.E.S., F.F.S., F.G.S., F.H.S., Corresponding Member of the Learned Societies of Agra, Delhi, Algiers, Cape Town, Portsmouth, Port Essington and Walla walla; V.P. of the Shetland Oratorical Society, and of the Manx Cat Club, Member of the Pedlington Galaxy Association, the Pansophistical, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Author of

A Treatise upon Hic, Hæc, Hoc; the History of Horum Gentivo, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

is not directly pointed at in any of the remarks here following. It is no new thing for authors and others to ask themselves, how shall I carry weight with the public? What shall I do to be esteemed? And ever since the first barrel of ink was brewed, such problems have been solved in sundry ways, so that there is nothing foolish that has not been done—perhaps, too, that is not being done—for love of praise.

In the first place, how is an orator, philosopher, or poet, who thinks more of the applause he wants than of the work that is to get it—how is such a poor fellow to know even so much as in what direction he shall turn his face? Are the select few to be courted, or the vulgar many? Which gives the verdict of praise most to be desired? Jean de la Serre wrote such a tragedy upon Sir Thomas More that Cardinal Richelieu never was present at the representation of it without weeping like an infant; yet the million declared "More" a bore, and lauded as the best play that was ever written Corneille's Cid, in conspiracy against which drama Richelieu spent a month of his great power as a minister, because he took it to be a stupidity which, as a man of taste, he ought to crush. "More" is no more, and the world still pays to the Cid assiduous attention.

The great Cæsar himself, says Macrobius, admired so extremely a comedian named Laberius that he invited him, by offers of large sums, to Rome. There he put him into competition with the people's favourite, Publius Syrus. In spite of the Emperor, the people crowned their man, and the imperial patron was forced to say, "Laberius, although I like you best, Syrus has beaten you." Louis the Fourteenth did not say a word over the first hearing of one of Moliere's best comedies. The public thought he did not like it, and all the next morning nothing was to be heard but bandied criticism of it as poor stuff, and such inanity that really if Monsieur Molière did not make a great change in his recent manner he would never hold his ground with men of taste. At dinner the king held his hand out to the poet and said that he had enjoyed his comedy beyond expression. In the afternoon every soul was charmed with the wit of the new play. The most discriminating general public that ever was, only accepted cordially ten or twelve out of a hundred of the works of Æschylus, and forsook him altogether for a new writer; the same public five times declared Pindar conquered by a woman who was in their eyes a tenth muse, and in his eyes a pig. In what direction then is the fame-hunter to look? The man who works out matter that is in him is in no perplexity; for him nature has made provision; but the man whose labour is but to procure something—whether fame or money—that he has not, by what arts is he to make provision for himself? He generally uses quackery, and in what degree he uses it, or of what kind it is, and to what class of minds it is addressed, must depend on taste and temperament and upon other things.

Charles Patin, a wise man of olden time, lodged with a friend studying medicine, at Basle, and asked him one day into how many parts medicine were divided. "Into four parts?" said his friend, "physiology, pathology, semeiotics, and therapeutics." "Into five parts," said Charles Patin, "for you must add quackery, in which whoever is not thoroughly versed is unworthy to bear the title of physician."

What might be said then, and might very likely be said now, with some show of truth concerning medicine, was and is quite as true of philology, metaphysics, oratory, statesmanship, theology, or any other branch of study.

Men parade titles that mean little, but sound large; I introduce no modern illustrations, but used they not of old to write themselves in their books archi-historiographers, king's counsellors and so forth? Did they not write themselves down members of societies having sometimes, especially in Italy, fantastical and affected names, Seraphics, Olympics, Boobies, Idlers, Somnolents, Rawmen, Parthenics, and Fantastics? They even change their names to put more weight into their literary persons. A Doctor Sausmalice signed himself Doctor Akakia; John became Jovian; Peter became Pomponius. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the vainest of all learned men, claimed to be descended from a princely house, and his son Joseph so highly glorified the family in a short biographic notice, that their antagonist Scioppius—the grammatical cur he was called for uncivilness—professed to have counted up four hundred and ninety-nine lies in a work of about fifteen pages. As for Scioppus, he wrote himself Roman Patrician, Counsellor of the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Arch-Duke of Austria, the Count Palatine, and Count of Clara-Valla. Such writers were habitually styled most excellent and most admirable, though Charles the Fifth himself, addressed formally as Emperor, was no more than most noble and most excellent.

A mathematician in those times travelling in Poland expressed his annoyance at continual allusions to his Excellence, but was told, with some pity for his ignorance, that he need not concern himself, because the Poles assumed the Excellence of everybody. Whatever titles a man could lay hold of he claimed. A village schoolmaster, claiming due honour, in this spirit played the crier to himself, and cried, "I am the rector, the sub-rector, and the choir! I am the three altogether, and am threfore all in all." Of all men who betitled themselves and each other, the old lawyers were the most accomplished quacks. One was Invincible Monarch of the Empire of Letters, another, Azo by name, was Source of the Laws, Vessel of Election, Trumpet of Truth, and God of Lawyers. Baldus was entitled Divine Monarch Utriusque Juris, ignorant of nothing, &c. There were very many more who took or received titles as extravagant.

These titles often border on profanity, and if it were not wholesome discipline to be reminded now and then of the depths sounded by human vanity and folly, I should shrink certainly from adding to this list the frontispiece of a book, not by a lawyer, in which the author is depicted at the foot of the cross with the question issuing from his mouth, "Master, lovest thou me?" The reply of the Master from the cross being written in another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent and very learned Lord Segerus, Poet Laureate of his Imperial Majesty and very worthy Rector of the University of Wittenberg; yes, I love you."

Earnestness has sometimes the force of quackery. Alain de l'Ile preached so profoundly upon incomprehensible matters that the ignorant came out in swarms to hear him. Therefore, one day, instead of delivering a sermon that he had promised on a sacred mystery, when he saw the gaping crowd about him, he came down again out of his pulpit, saying only, "You have seen Alain. And so now you may go home content." I am reminded by this anecdote of Barthius, a rather bilious philosopher who was annoyed by the impertinence of curious intruders. One day an English traveller looked in to see him; the offended sage received him in grim silence; they sat down opposite to one another, and not a word was said until Barthius turned suddenly his back upon his visitor, and said, "Well, sir, you have seen me pretty well in front, now look at me behind."

I have wandered into the domains of people who got more attention than they wished, instead of abiding by the learned men who wished for all the notice they could get. One way of attracting notice was the use of title-pages, calculated to arrest attention. The foppery common on title-pages in old times—never, of course, now—was obvious enough in certain respects. It was but a common-place of the period to call a lexicon The Pearl of Pearls, to produce Flowers of everything after the Latin Florus, and Nights of everything after the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius. There were Theological Nights, Christian Nights, Agreeable Nights, Solitary Nights, African Nights, and so forth.

The races of the Flowers and the Nights are not indeed even to this day extinct. Pliny long ago ridiculed the titles of Greek books—Rags of Honey, Horns of Plenty, Muses' Meadows, in which everything a man could wish for, "down to chickens' milk," was said to be contained. The wise men of the Revival published, in place of Horns of Plenty, Treasures and Treasuries, and they put up Steps to Parnassus, over which many a schoolboy has since stumbled. A set of maps was called after the man who took the world upon his shoulders—Atlas; and that name being short and handy, has been commonly adopted into languages as a noun-substantive, quite free from mythological suggestion. A book on the blood was called The Macro-micro-cosmic Ocean.

Alchemists wrote books called, The Art of Arts, The Work of Works, the Art of being Ignorant in Nothing, of Writing and of Knowing about Everything. It would need the lesson taught by such a book to understand only the titles of some others; a tract on the Rights of the King was headed, for example, in those days, The Stomacation of the Public Good. The author of a Harmony of the Gospels called it, The Triumph of Truth, on a car drawn by the four Evangelists, escorted by the Army of the Holy Fathers; and a more elaborate allegorist, a Spaniard, entitled a work on philology, in fifty chapters—Pentaconstarch; or, the Captain of Fifty Soldiers: levied and maintained by Ramirez de Prado, under whose auspices the different monsters that ravaged the republic of letters are pursued even to their utmost retreats, and to the depths of their frightful caverns, where they are attacked, fought with, and destroyed. Again, who would suppose that a book with the attractive title of The Rights of the Public, was a treatise upon headache?

The desire for fame has induced others to seek it by much writing, on the belief that to be constantly before the world was to be honoured by it, or at least—and that is something—to be known. There have been many men whose works contained more leaves than there were days in their lives; some being by nature prolific and industrious, others only because they were resolved to occupy the public ears. In the first class was the Spanish dramatist Lopez de Vega, whose works covered ten times as many pages as there were days in his life. In the second class it will suffice to name Joachim Fortius, who wrote of himself thus: "Either I shall die very young, or I shall give to the world a thousand works, honestly counted, in as good Latin as I can produce. I intend to entitle them The Chiliad. It is a settled thing: death only can prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. Already nineteen have seen the light, and I shall very shortly publish eighty-one others; which will just make up the tenth part of my Chiliad."

When such a seeker after fame can find no printer rash enough to risk a penny on his works, it often happens that he is insane enough to print them at his own expense. Ulysses Aldrovandus consumed all his patrimony in the printing of his books; and, as nobody bought them, he caused copies to be distributed to all the libraries of Europe as eternal monuments both of his learning and his generosity.

There was an ancient sophist who made much money by his oratory, and spent it in the making of a golden statue, which he placed, dedicated to himself, in the temple at Delphi. In the same spirit, but after a more economical fashion, one Psaphon, a poet, who could get no fame by his verses, procured a number of birds capable of being taught to utter a few words, and having taught every one to say, Psaphon is a great god, let them all loose. They flew abroad, and wherever they settled, brought, as it appeared, their tidings from the sky. In this way the worship of Psaphon was established; and he got as a deity, the incense that men could not offer to him as a bard. Anything for a name! Hence came a Greek proverb about the birds of Psaphon.

A wide subject opens, when we come to discuss the foppery of dedications. "If you seek glory, nothing will secure it to you so effectually as the letter I am writing." Epicurus wrote to a great minister. He may have been justified in saying so, but so have many little birds magnificently chirruped to the condors and the eagles of society. "By George, sir!" one of these forgotton worthies used to say, when he had dedicated a book to anyone, "I have immortalised you; that deserves a handsome fee." Dedication was a trade, once upon a time, as we all know; dedication writers were begging-letter writers, neither more nor less. Leo the Tenth did a sensible thing when a man dedicated to him An Infallible Method of making Gold. He paid him for his dedication with a great sack to contain the gold he made. Erasmus dedicated a book to the Queen of Hungary, and complained sorely that his rascal of a printer had lost him his gratuity by printing two successive words as one, in a place where to do so was to change the meaning of the sentence, and convert a compliment into an insult. Two authors, Ranzovius and Schott, writing in feigned names, dedicated their works to themselves; Dedications to Saints, to My Country, and so forth, I pass over. A work on sacred geography, printed at Leipsic only a hundred and fifty years ago, had a dedication meant to be curious and pious, which again serves as an illustration of the kind of intrusion made by foppery on holy ground. It was dedicated to the Three great Princes and sole Heirs of Heaven and Earth: the Lord Jesus; Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxe; and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Zeitz. To each name was appended a long string of titles in the usual form; the Saviour being styled, crowned general of the celestial armies, king elect of Zion, august and perpetual head of the Christian church, sovereign pontiff and archbishop of souls, elector of truth, archduke of glory, duke of life, prince of peace, chevalier ——

I shall quote no more; but it was well to quote so much, because the extravagance of conceit has always travelled a great deal upon forbidden ground. However, it shows itself in this relation—and any one who looks about may see conceit always mounting to heaven, and nothing lower by its little towers of arrogance—it cannot be too steadfastly resisted. We should be always on our guard against it.

Another practice with the writers of a past time was to garnish their books with laudatory letters and verses from distinguished men or partial friends. They often composed for themselves letters of this kind, to which they put various initials; just as Charles the Fifth, when on one occasion he had beaten the Protestants in battle, is said to have caused a number of guns to be founded upon the pattern of those he had captured, and inscribed with the devices of the enemy, to drag as trophies into Spain, and magnify his triumph.

Others have sought to catch attention, not by a parade of success and satisfaction, but by a parade of discontent. They attack everything, they wish to make a noise in the world, and know that of all work fighting is the noisiest; therefore they fight, they combat every opinion, attack every eminent man, or taking in an anonymous way their own eminence for granted, even attack themselves, as did Goropolus when he published a remorseless criticism on his own poem of Charlemagne. Great men do not notice such attacks, for eagles do not catch flies. When Ziegler wrote his commentary upon Grotius, Henninger wrote a cruel commentary upon Ziegler. "This little fellow," Ziegler said, "wishes to be dragged out of his obscurity. Good sense forbids me to grant his petition." One of the most quarrelsome of these men was James Gronovius, the son of John; yet John was the most peaceful writer of his age. In youth he had written a book call Elenchus Anti-Diatribæ, which contained one or two sharp expressions levelled at some commentator. He afterwards, for that reason, bought up and burnt every copy, and would not spare one even to Grœvius, his most intimate friend. Yet it was this man's son who lived by snarling.

Of men who have in direct and plain terms called attention to their own surpassing merits—a vast host—I will mention only one or two. A famous lawyer, Charles Dumoulin, according to Balzac, wrote often at the top of his opinions given upon consultation: "I, who yield to no man, and who have from no man anything to learn." A Greek who wrote the life of Alexander, promised to equal Alexander's actions with his words. Claveri, an Italian, gave money and sweetmeats to the children of his town to sing about the streets, ballads of his own making in honour of himself. He finally collected them in two volumes as evidence of his own popularity. Giacomo Mazzoni declared himself ready to answer on the spot, every question that could be asked him. Messrs. Gaulmin, Saumaise (Milton's Salmasius), and Maussac being together in the Royal Library, "I think," said Gaulmin, "that we three can match our heads against all that there is learned in Europe." To which Salmasius replied, "Add to all that their is learned in Europe, yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." Not to convey a false impression, let me add that Salmasius was a very learned man indeed, and was treated by our Milton more in the spirit of controvery than of justice.

When publishers for the same community of readers lived in all parts of Europe, it was convenient for authors to drop hints about unpublished works in their possession that might be treated for by any firm in Italy, France, Germany, or Switzerland. These hints grew, however, sometimes into forms of great pretension, and there were not a few who claimed to themselves vast credit for writings that had never come to light. La Croix du Maine carried his boasting in this way as far as any man. In an epistle dedicatory addressed to Henry the Third, of France, he said, "My library now contains eight hundred volumes of various memoirs and collections, written by my hand or by an amanuensis, all the produce of my invention or research, and extracted from all the books that I have read up to this date, of which the number is infinite, as may easily be seen by the twenty-five or thirty thousand heads and chapters of all kinds of matter that may fall under the cognizance of man; which treat of things so different that it is almost impossible to speak of, see, or imagine anything into which I have not made curious research. The whole collection is classed according to sciences, arts, and professions, and arranged in a hundred cases, for each of which two hundred dollars will content me. This sum would seem so little to so great a king, that I am ashamed to have set down so low a price." In fact, he only wanted twenty thousand dollars for his giant scrap-book.

Of critics and grammarians the conceits used to be endless, and nothing ever was more vain than their disputes. Their follies of enthusiasm are respectable; one may almost admire Becatelli, who sold all he had to buy a rotten manuscript of Livy. But in their hands criticism that was to discern truth from error became itself the overflowing source of error and of discord. As for work at the text of authors, on the whole the saying first applied to copies of Homer must be pretty generally true—that, in any old writer, that is most correct which has been least corrected. What would not these men quarrel about Two fell into kicks and cuffs in open street over the question whether the verb Inquam belonged to the third or fourth conjugation. Nizolius and Maioragius held a notable dispute as to which of the two most thoroughly admired Cicero. Politian refused to read the Bible, but spent time and toil in settling whether he should write Vergil or Virgil, and amused his leisure with composition of Greek epigrams to Venus and Cupid. Philelphes and Timotheus wagered beards upon a controvesy; and Timotheus being vanquished, was most cruelly shaven, that his beard might be carried about Europe as a trophy. Such questions as these engaged the lives of old grammarians: How many rowers had Ulysses? Was the Iliad composed before the Odyssey? Who was the mother of Hecuba? What name did Achilles bear when wearing woman's dress? What was the usual subject of the songs of the Sirens? Nicanor wrote six volumes on a dot, the grammatical full stop. Messala wrote a dissertation on the letter S, and Martin Vogel wrote another on the German B. The Sorbonne decided that the Latin Q should be pronounced like the Q in French, and solemnly cut off from its body a heretic member who ridiculed such Latin as kiskis and kamkam. "Here," said somebody to Casaubon, as they entered the old hall of the Sorbonne, "Here is a building in which men have disputed for four hundred years." "And," asked Casauban, "what has been settled?"

It was the common boast of a grammarian, who wanted as much fame as he could get, that he understood some fabulous number of languages. Postel said he understood fifteen; his adversaries said he did not understand so much as one. André Thevet was thoroughly grounded, he said, in twenty-eight, and spoke them all fluently. Joseph Scaliger is said to have claimed knowledge of all there were, through thirteen is the number commonly ascribed to him, and most likely with greater truth. The man who professed to understand all languages might as well have said at once that he came down from the third heaven of Mahomet, where every inhabitant has seventy thousand heads, and every head has seventy thousand mouths, in each mouth seventy thousand tongues, all singing praises at one time of seventy thousand idioms.

Of orators it will be enough to cite that practice in exterior eloquence which is kept up to this this day, and which Francius first taught his pupils to keep up before a good Venetian mirror. Of the poets every one has tales to tell; they are animated, like beasts, by a blind love for their own offspring, and are led, when they are weak-minded into an infinite number of odd fopperies. We will cast anchor, finally, upon the Hæccities and Quiddities of an extinct order of logicians. They could be matched indeed with the concretes, I's and not I's of the present day; but we are not personal to any man's opinions or practice, and retire firmly upon the past. The logicians of old used to discuss gravely whether it would be a greater miracle for an elephant to be as small as a flea, or for a flea to be as big as an elephant, and whether the chimera humming through the void of nature could devour second intentions; As for the old logical technicalities, Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferison, Baralipton, they are now legends. Nobody now reads the thick volumes of Bovellius on that which is below (or next to) Nothing. He was a mathematician, and his topic was not quite so foolish as it seems. The lawyers were as acute in those days as any of their neighbours. Among their problems for ingenious discussion were the questions: could a criminal who recovered his life after decapitation be again subject to have his head cut off? Who is the owner of an egg laid in a nest frequented by the fowls of many households? If the wife of Lazarus had married again after his death, could he have claimed her on his resurrection? In those days (only in those days observe), hairs were split by lawyers; advocates, by brass, and by bon mots, and by force of cunning, dragged lawsuits out and prolonged them to the ruin of both litigants—even prolonged them when there was much wealth, into a second and third generation. In that way the lawyers (of those days) throve, and many became famous.

In the midst of all this foppery and quackery, a great deal of study went to produce small results. It is recorded of a learned man, whose very name is forgotten, though his reading was so deep; that in his lectures he would quote by the page from books written in many languages, never opening one, but having them all on his lecture-table with an open sword. "Here," he said, "are the books; follow me in them when you please, and if I misquote by so much as a syllable, stab me; here is the sword." It is certain that an obscure man of letters, whose name has been handed down, read Tacitus in this way. To so much antecedent toil, men added so much folly and bravado for the sake of fame.—*Household Words.*

LIFE ABOARD SLAVE-SHIPS.

"As I am now fairly embarked in a trade which absorbed so many of my most vigorous years, I suppose the reader will not be loth to learn a little of my experience in the alleged 'cruelties' of this commerce; and the first question, in all likelihood, that rises to his lips, is a solicitation to be apprised of the embarkation and treatment of slaves on the dreaded voyage.

"An African factor of fair repute is ever careful to select his human cargo with consummate prudence, so as not only to supply his employers with athletic labourers, but to avoid any taint of disease that may effect the slaves in their transit to Cuba or the American main. Two days before embarkation, the head of every male and female is neatly shaved; and, if the cargo belongs to several owners, each man's *brand* is impressed on the body of his respective negro. This operation is performed with pieces of silver wire, or small irons fashioned into the merchant's initials, heated just hot enough to blister without burning the skin. When the entire cargo is the venture of but one proprietor, the branding is always dispensed with.

"On the appointed day, the *barracoon*, or slave-pen, is made joyous by the abundant 'feed' which signalizes the negro's last hours in his native country. The feast over, they are taken alongside the vessel in canoes; and as they touch the deck, they are entirely stripped, so that women as well as men go out of Africa as they came into it—*naked*. This precaution, it will be understood, is indispensable; for perfect nudity, during the whole voyage, is the only means of securing cleanliness and health. In this state, they are immediately ordered below, the men to the hold and the women to the cabin, while boys and girls day and night are kept on deck, where their sole protection from the elements is a sail in fair weather, and a *tarpaulin* in foul.

"At meal time, they are distributed in messes of ten. Thirty years ago, when the Spanish slave trade was lawful, the captains were somewhat more ceremoniously religious than at present, and it was then a universal habit to make the gangs say grace before meat, and give thanks afterwards. In our days, however, they dispense with this ritual, and content themselves with a '*Viva la Habana*,' or 'hurrah for Havana,' accompanied by a clapping of hands.

"This over, a bucket of salt water is served to each mess, by way of 'finger glasses' for the ablution of hands, after which a *kidd*—either of rice, farina, yams, or beans, according to the tribal habit of the negroes—is placed before the squad. In order to prevent greediness or inequality in the appropriation of nourishment, the process is performed by signals from a monitor, whose motions indicate when the darkies shall dip, and when they shall swallow.

"It is the duty of a guard to report immediately whenever a slave refuses to eat, in order that his abstinence may be traced to stubbornness or disease. Negroes have sometimes been found, in slavers, who attempted voluntary starvation; so that, when the watch reports the patient to be 'shamming,' his appetite is stimulated by the medical antidote of a 'cat.' If the slave, however, is truly ill, he is forthwith ticketed for the sick-list by a bead or button around his neck, and despatched to an infirmary in the forcastle.

"These meals occur twice daily—at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon—and are terminated by another ablution. Thrice in each twenty-four hours they are served with half a pint of water. Pipes and tobacco are circulated economically among both sexes: but as each negro cannot be allowed the luxury of a separate bowl, boys are sent around with an adequate supply, allowing a few whiffs to each individual. On regular days—probably three times a week—their mouths are carefully rinsed with vinegar, while, nearly every morning, a dram is given as an antidote to scurvy.

"Although it is found necessary to keep the sexes apart, they are allowed to converse freely during the day while on deck. Corporeal punishment is *never* inflicted save by order of an officer, and, even then, not until the culprit understands exactly why it is done. Once a week the ship's barber scrapes their chins without assistance from soap; and, on the same day, their nails are closely pared, to insure security from harm in those nightly battles that occur, when the slave contests with his neighbour every inch of plank to which he is glued. During afternoons of serene weather, men, women, girls, and boys, are allowed to unite in African melodies, which they always enhance by an extemporaneous *tom-tom* on the bottom of a tub or tin kettle.

"These hints will apprise the reader that the greatest care, compatible with safety, is taken of a negro's health and cleanliness on the voyage. In every well-conducted slaver, the captain, officers and crew are alert and vigilant to preserve the cargo. It is their personal interest, as well as the interest of humanity, to do so. The boatswain is incessant in his patrol of purification, and disinfecting substances are plenteously distributed. The upper deck is washed and swabbed daily; the slave-deck is scraped and holystoned: and, at nine o'clock each morning, the captain inspects every part of his craft; so that no vessel, except a man-of-war, can compare with a slaver in systematic order, purity and neatness. I am not aware that the ship-fever, which sometimes decimates the emigrants from Europe, has ever prevailed in these African traders.

"At sundown, the process of stowing the slaves for the night is begun. The second mate and boatswain descend into the hold, whip in hand, and range the slaves in their regular place; those on the right side of the vessel facing forward and lying in each other's lap, while those on the left are similarly stowed with their faces towards the stern. In this way each negro lies on his right side, which is considered preferable for the action of the heart. In allotting places, particular attention is paid to size, the taller being selected for the greatest breadth of the vessel, while the shorter and younger are lodged near the bows. When the cargo is large, and the lower deck crammed, the supernumeraries are disposed of on deck, which is securely covered with boards to shield them from moisture. The *strict* discipline of nightly stowage is, of course, of the greatest importance in slavers, else every negro would accommodate himself as if he were a passenger.

"In order to ensure perfect silence and regularity during night, a slave is chosen as constable from every ten, and furnished with a 'cat,' to enforce commands during his appointed watch. In remuneration for his services, which, it may be believed, are admirably performed whenever the whip is required, he is adorned with an old shirt or tarry trowsers. Now and then, billets of wood are distributed among the sleepers, but this luxury is never granted until the good temper of the negroes is ascertained; for slaves have often been tempted to mutiny by the power of arming themselves with these pillows from the forest.

"It is very probable that many of my readers will consider it barbarous to make slaves lie down naked upon a board; but let me inform them that native Africans are not familiar with the use of feather-beds, nor do any but the free and rich in their mother country indulge in the luxury even of a mat or raw-hide. Among the Mandingo chiefs—the most industrious and civilized of Africans—the beds, divans and sofas are heaps of mud, covered with untanned skins for cushions, while logs of wood serve for bolstors! I am of the opinion, therefore, that emigrant slaves experience very slight inconvenience in lying down on the deck.

"But *ventilation* is carefully attended to. The hatches and bulkheads of every slaver are grated, and apertures are cut about the deck for ampler circulation of air. Wind-sails, too, are constantly pouring a steady draft into the hold, except during a chase, when, of course, every comfort is temporarily sacrificed for safety. During calms, or in light and baffling winds, when the suffocating air of the tropics makes ventilation impossible, the gratings are always removed, and portions of the slaves allowed to repose at night on deck, while the crew is armed to watch the sleepers.

"Handcuffs are rarely used on shipboard. It is the common custom to secure slaves in the *barracoons*, and while shipping, by chaining *ten* in a gang; but as these platoons would be extremely inconvenient at sea, the manacles are immediately taken off and replaced by leg-irons, which fasten them in pairs by the feet. Shackles are never used but for *full-grown men*, while *women* and *boys* are set at liberty as soon as they embark. It frequently happens that when the behaviour of *male* slaves warrants their freedom, they are released from all fastenings long before they arrive. Irons are altogether dispensed with on many *Brazilian* slavers, as negroes from Anjuda, Benin and Angola are mild and unaddicted to revolt like those who dwell east of the Cape or north of the Gold-Coast. Indeed, a knowing trader will never use chains but when compelled, for the longer a slave is ironed the more he deteriorates; and, as his sole object is to land a healthy cargo, pecuniary interest, as well as natural feelings, urges the sparing of metal."—*Canot's Twenty Years in an African Slaver.*

NAPOLEON'S LEGACIES.

On the anniversary of Napoleon's birth (Aug. 15), the *Monteur* of Paris published a report made to Louis Napoleon by Achille Fould, Minister of State, relative to the payment of the elder Napoleon's legacies. Two Imperial decrees accompanied this report and ordered the payment of the legacies, the appropriation of eight million of francs for that purpose, and the appointment of a Commission, of which General Count d'Ornano is President, to make the payment, under Napoleon's will. Such a document is in existence, and its history is not without interest. Napoleon died on May 5, 1821. Thanks to the fidelity of Dr. F. Autommarghi (the Corsican physician sent over by the Bonaparte family to attend him, after the British Government had dismissed their own surgeon. Barry O'Meara, in whom they thought he placed too much confidence), we are enabled to trace when and how the "last will and testament" of Napoleon was made.

The complaint of which he died (hereditary, for it killed his father, but which might have been nullified by proper practice, in a favourable climate, as it was accelerated by the scorching heats of St. Helena), was approaching its climax in April, 1821. Day by day, in that month, he grew weaker. On April 15, shutting himself up, with General Montholon and Marchand (his faithful valet), Napoleon devoted five hours to ticketing his effects and making his last will and testament. On the following day he execut